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1715-

1307
Injured Virtue:
OR, THE
VIRGIN MARTYR.

A
TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted at the
Play-House in *Richmond*,
By his Grace the Duke of *Southamp-*
ton and *Cleveland's* Servants.

By BENJAMIN GRIFFIN.

— *Comœdia recta si mente legatur,*
Constabit nulli posse nocere —

C L O N D O N:

Printed for *Jonas Brown* at the *Black Swan* without *Tem-*
ple-Bar; and *J. Richardson*, at the *King's-Head* the Cor-
ner of *Swithin's Alley*, in *Cornhill*; and Sold also by
J. Roberts, in *Warwick-Lane*. 1715.

Journal of the

XG

.3971

.62

of the

State of New York

in the

year 1862

and

for the

year 1863

of the

year 1864

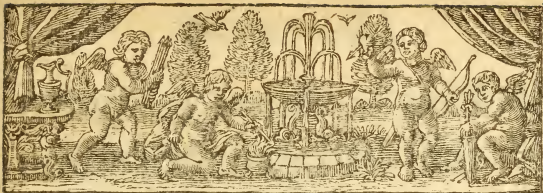
of the

year 1865





*O Sacred Truth inspire and rule my Page,—
 So may reforming Satire mend a vicious Age.
 Whilst thy Enlightning Rays adorn & guard its Place,
 Astrea's glorious Form surveys the Race,—
 And Virtue wears its bright Ormonda's Face.—*



To the Right Honourable

Henry Earl of Rochester,

*Vicount Hyde of Kenel-
worth, Baron of Wotton-
Basset, &c.*

My LORD,

IT is an undoubt-
ed Truth, that
when Zeal and
Sincerity supply the Want
A 3 of

Dedication.

of Power, the Petitions of the Indigent become as acceptable to Heaven, as those of them whose Abilities enable 'em to make an Offering more agreeable and worthy.

The Thoughts of this, my Lord, has embolden'd me to make my Addresses to you, since among the many that have the Honour to enjoy your Favour and Protection, none can boast a more profound Respect, nor a
more

Dedication.

more grateful Acknowledgment than my self.

The Encouragement you were pleased to give our Company in general, and my self in particular, when the last Season we had the Honour to Play before you at *Richmond*, and the charitable Concern for, and kind Assistance of us now, since the much lamented Death of Her Majesty, (whose Loss must ever be lamented) had put a stop to our Business,

A 4

sinefs,

Dedication.

finess, has rais'd in my Breast such grateful Sentiments, that it has ever since been my chief Ambition to make the utmost Acknowledgment that is in my Power.

I am sensible of the Trifle I have now laid at your Feet, and conscious of its want of Merit to appear before a Person of your Lordship's Judgment and Character; but I hope your generous Temper will with your usual Candor

Dedication.

dor pass by its Defects, and accept it for the Intent of the Giver, rather than the Merit of the Piece.

If 'tis honour'd with your Lordship's Perusal, and will give you any the least Diversion to make Attonement for the Trouble of reading, I shall Esteem it for that only, and be satisfied.

I know 'tis the Custom of Dedications to enumerate the Perfections and Virtues of the Person address'd

Dedication.

dress'd to ; but yours, my Lord, so far surpasses my Power to Decipher as it ought, with Honour and Glory, that I must not presume to attempt it ; yet cannot omit your Lordship's worthy Service to the State, both in Person, Council and Assistance: Your Defence of our Religion as by Law established, in the Practice of its Duties, and Performance of its Injunctions ; and the powerful Assist-
ance

Dedication.

ance of those that minister at the Altar, when Malice, Faction and Injustice endeavour to oppress 'em; your Wisdom, and discerning Judgment, your Constancy and Steadiness, your Assistance of Justice, and Protection of injur'd Innocence, and in short, your Practice of what-ever is Great, Honourable and truly Noble.

Nor would it be any thing but the highest Ingratitude,

Dedication.

gratitude, were I to neglect my humblest Thanks to her Ladyship, whose Patronage of Virtue, and delight in every Thing Just, Good, and Christian-like, in Conjunction with you, my Lord, gained you the Love of a Saint-like Queen, the Friendship and Respect of your Equals, and indeed the Prayers of all Men, for your Happiness and Prosperity : Which that Heaven may ever Grant,

Dedication.

Grant, is the hearty De-
fire of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

BEN. GRIFFIN.

PROLOGUE,

Written and Spoke by Mr. *Harper*.

THE Stage has been, and still improv'd shall rise,
Instructive to your Ears, and pleasing to your Eyes;
Tho' Meddling-men industrious to their Shame,
Against its Precepts and its Use declaim.
'Twas so in Cromwell's Regicidal Days;
Th' Usurper cou'd not bear the Sting of Plays;
Knowing too well, our Scenes their Vice expose,
And Comedy put down, Rebellion rose.
So wou'd it be again, if our Back-friends
Were suffer'd once to gain their hateful Ends.
Religion with the Drama wou'd decline,
Soldiers Usurp the Place of the Divine,
And Players — once a Week perhaps might Dine.

But Thanks to Fortune, and our Friends that sit
Within this Circle of the Stage, and Pit;
We yet survive for all their Spleen and Spight,
To show you here, a Moral Play to Night.
To you, our modest Author makes Appeal,
And humbly begs you wou'd his Faults conceal:
'Tis the first time he ever trail'd a Pen,
And if discourag'd, dares not do't again;
Wou'd you once smile on his Attempts like these,
He wou'd by nobler Methods strive to please,
With sinew'd Sense his future Lines shou'd shine,
And this low Strain give place to the Divine.

Oh! keep both him and us from Malice free,
Encourage us, at least for Charity;

You

PROLOGUE.

*You know with what Injustice they declaim,
Who make our Plays all useless and prophane,
And all our Scenes immoral, lewd, and vain.*

}

*‘ When Greece was Mistress of the World, and Wit,
‘ And Sophocles the Great, and Solon, writ.
‘ That Solon whom the Gods had judg’d most wise,
‘ Who still drew Tears from glad Spectator’s Eyes.
‘ So much the Ancients did to Plays allow,
‘ The Stage was then, as is the Pulpit now.
‘ They held it Moral all, in antient Days;
‘ For it was first the sole Intent of Plays,
‘ To punish Vice, and give to Virtue Praise.*

}



Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

D <i>Ioclesian</i> , Emperor of <i>Rome</i> .	Mr. <i>Durham</i> .
<i>Aurelius</i> , King of <i>Pontus</i> , <i>Epire</i> , and <i>Macedon</i> .	} Mr. <i>Bullock</i> , Jun.
<i>Sapritius</i> , Governor of <i>Cæsaria</i> .	Mr. <i>Griffin</i> .
<i>Theopilus</i> , Lieutenant-Governor.	Mr. <i>Harper</i> .
<i>Antonius</i> , the Governor's Son.	Mr. <i>Glover</i> .
<i>Eumillius</i> , his Friend.	Mr. <i>Madox</i> .
Captain of the Guards.	Mr. ———
Priest of <i>Jupiter</i> .	Mr. <i>Gillo</i> .
Physician.	Mr. <i>Tollet</i> .
A <i>British</i> Slave.	Mr. <i>Alcock</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Artimia</i> , the Emperor's Daughter.	Mrs. <i>Deyman</i> .
<i>Dorothea</i> , the Martyr.	Mrs. <i>Ellerson</i> .
<i>Hellena</i> , her Attendant.	Mrs. <i>Alcock</i> .
<i>Calista</i> , } Sisters, and Daughters to }	Mrs. <i>Lax</i> .
<i>Christeta</i> , } <i>Theopilus</i> .	} Mrs. <i>Smith</i> .

Prisoners, Torturers, Attendants, Guards, &c.

S C E N E *Cæsaria*.

Injured



Injured Virtue;

OR, THE

VIRGIN MARTYR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Palace.*

Enter Sapritius and Theopilus.

SAPRITIUS.

Hat says my Friend?

The Emperor in Person here to Night?

Theo. He reaches our *Casaria* to
Night:

The Posting Messengers, who brought
the News,

Delivered these for you.

[Gives him Letters.]

Sap. They do inform me,
This sudden March is for *Dalmathia*;
It had been better I had known it sooner.

B

How



How shall I make Provision to receive him,
As does become the Honour of *Casaria*?

Theo. Methinks the March of the old *Roman* Legions
Should, like the Motions of prodigious Meteors,
Exactly be observ'd by wond'ring Mortals:
Ever, till now, when *Dioclesian* mov'd,
Fame has herself become his Harbinger,
Ecchoing his Motion through the trembling World,
And every where preparing his Reception.

Sap. Tho' cover'd with the Night, and wing'd with Speed,
Yet it is strange they march so undiscover'd.

Theo. I should have thought,
Among the many that attend your Person,
Some one or other, by his Correspondent,
Might have received the Advice.
But you, my Lord, were speaking of the Christians.

Sap. True, and I must commend thy Conduct there;
When neither Woods, nor Caves, nor secret Vaults,
Could hide them from thy Diligence and Care:
Thy Executions have destroy'd 'em much,
Have almost rooted up this pois'nous Weed,
That over-runs the Worship of the Gods.

Theo. I hope, my Lord, it has.

Sap. The last eight Days, if I mistake not,
The Number mounted to six thousand Souls
That by your Justice fell.

Theo. It was about that Number.

Sap. Religious, honest Man.

Theo. It was my Duty, Sir.

Sap. Be thou my Engine still, to scatter, break,
And root out this pernicious Christian Sect
From off the *Roman* World:

But

But have your Daughters
Renounc'd their mad enthusiastick Folly,
Their late Contempt of *Rome's* immortal Gods?

Theo. They have, or sure Destruction shall consume 'em.
See, they are here, and with 'em, from the Temple,
Jove's sacred *Flamin* comes.

Enter Priest, Calista, and Christeta.

Say, have my Daughters reconcil'd themselves
To the Almighty Gods? have they
Abandon'd quite this Christian Madness,
And piously resolv'd again to sacrifice
As their Fore-fathers did?

Priest. They have, my Lord,
And are most constant in that Resolution.

Theo. Why then again they are my dearest Children,
The Darlings of my Love, more dear than Life:
Welcome, my Children, welcome to my Arms.

Cal. Transporting Joy already fills my Heart,
To meet such kind Reception from a Father,
That has been so much injur'd and displeas'd!

Christ. Thus on our Knees we thank you, and resolve
[*Both Kneel.*

To be obedient to the Gods and you.

Theo. Brave Resolution!

Priest. Our Prayers be present with you.

[*Ex. Priest, Calis. and Christ.*

Sap. Thou art, *Theopilus*,

The Partner of my Heart, my Joy of Life,
The very Blessing of my drooping Age;
Thou dar'st to execute my Resolutions,
Though to the World they seem bloody and cruel;
Thou makest my Heart ev'n as the hardest Steel,
And arm'st my Eyes, my Ears, my ev'ry Sense,

'Gainst Pity, Womanish Tears, and soft Compassion;
 Instructing me, without a Sigh, to see
 Babes torn by Violence from their Mother's Breasts,
 To feed the Fire made to consume 'em both;
 Old Men in Pieces torn by Dogs and Wolves;
 Virgins hurl'd headlong from stupendious Heights,
 And dash'd to Pieces ere they're half way down;
 While Crowds of Matrons cloy the Savage Tygers,
 And tire the Hands of wearied Executioners:
 My Soul delights in it, and gladly sees
 Thy Service to the Gods and *Dioclesian*.

Theo. Were all the Scepters,
 That grace the Hands of Kings, made into one,
 And all th' Imperial Diadems of the Earth
 Laid at my Feet, I would despise them all,
 View 'em as Objects of Contempt and Scorn;
 So Fame, to late Posterity would call me,
 The stoutest Champion of the Pagan Gods.

[*Trumpets within*

Sap. Hark! *Cæsar's* near Approach!
 Who waits without?

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Keep the Ports close,
 And let the Guards be doubled,
 Display the *Roman* Eagle from the Tower,
 Draw up your Troops, and in their best Array
 Let them with Shouts attend the Emp'ror's Passage.

Theo. Send and disarm the Christians:
 Proclaim it Death in any
 To wear a Sword, or have one in his House.

Capt. My Lords, I shall be careful.

Theo. It well becomes you.
 Such as refuse to offer Sacrifice

For

For *Cesar's* Life, put to immediate Torture;
Pluck up this growing Mischief by the Roots,
And know when we are merciful to them,
We are cruel to our selves.

Capt. I know the Emperor's Edict,] and your Orders,
And gladly shall obey them. [Exit Captain.

Theo. 'Tis well.

Sap. Theophilus, let me advise,
Immediately send for your Daughters hither;
We shall present 'em to the Emperor;
And in their sweet Conversion, as a Mirror,
Express to him your Duty to his Name.

Theo. I shall obey in all.

Enter Eumillius

Eum. My Lord *Sapritius*.

Sap. Say on.

Eum. The Emperor has past the *Fabian Gate*;
Beneath his Chariot waits, in Captive Chains,
The King of *Macedon*, *Epire*, and *Pontus*,
And in the mighty Conquest of our Troops,
You have, my Lord, an ample Share; your Son,
The brave *Antonius*, has in Battel dy'd
His snowy Plumes with Blood of Enemies:
That, besides publick Grace, besides his Hopes,
There is Rewards propounded.

Sap. What should be thy Reward, *Eumillius*,
Could I be certified all this is true?

Eum. If it be not,
May my Head pay the Forfeit:

Theo. There was some Rumour of this Victory,
But 'twas advis'd that the main Army,
March'd a Day's Journey higher into the Country.

Eum. The Emperor so decreed, but does return
To observe your Government of *Casaria*;
And for the farther Honour of your Son.
For Proof, his Trumpets speak his near Arrival.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Sap. Haste, good *Theopilus*,
Haste, and in Person head our Household Guards;
With all due ceremonious Pomp receive
The conquering Army; let our Garrison
Speak out their Welcome in yet louder Shouts,
And let the City show its Joy and Gladness.

Theo. I am gone.

[*Exit Theo.*]

Sap. This worthy Man prevents my foremost Wishes,

Eumilius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter behind with two Trumpets and the Roman Standard display'd, first Antony and Eumilius, Dioclesian and Artimia, Aurelius in Chains, Sapritius and Theopilus, Callista and Christeta, Captain of the Guards, &c. Sapritius Kneels.

Dioc. Why does *Sapritius* kneel? arise,
And let us hold thee near our Breast;
We find thee worthy to be *Cesar's* Friend;
Let this Embrace evince it.

[*Embrace.*]

Casaria is now so compleatly govern'd,
That the most stubborn and licentious Soldiers,
Are by your Laws confin'd to modest Limits;
The factious Multitude, that *Hydrian* Monster,
You teach t'obey without compulsive Rigor;
The wealthy rest in Safety, and enjoy,
What they desire in all things; the Nobles

Wisely

Wifely submit and honour your Decrees,
 You have reviv'd *Rome's* ancient Discipline,
 Which rais'd her to that glorious height of Grandeur,
 From whence she views the conquer'd World beneath her:
 But above all, your Service to the Gods,
 So zealously observed, that, my good Lords,
 In Words alone, were we to exprefs our Thanks,
 'Twould be unworthy of our Honour,
 And our Imperial *Roman* Dignity:
 Know then, that we shall find a time
 With just Rewards to recompence your Service.

Sap. Mighty Emperor!

Your Power in this lower World
 Does equal *Jove's* in Heav'n; your mighty Triumphs,
 O'er proud rebellious Kings that rise against you,
 Are perfect Figures of his Immortal Trophies
 Won in the Giants War: Your conqu'ring Sword,
 When guided by your Arm, as deadly kills
 As his almighty Thunder; what this weak Arm
 Has done, or e'er can do, comes short
 Of what my Duty ought to challenge from it:
 But if in any thing I have deserv'd
 Great *Cæsar's* Smile, 'tis in my humble Care
 Still to preserve the Honour of those Gods,
 Those awful Gods, that guard his sacred Life;
 My Zeal to them I ever have exprest,
 In my fell Hatred of the Christian Sect.
 They, who, ascribing all things to an unknown Pow'r,
 Would level with the Earth our Gods and Temples,
 Nor exercise, or Sacrifice, or Rights.

Dioc. Thou dost, in this, *Sapritius*,
 Exactly follow *Dioclesian's* Will,

Whose Power, and Wealth, shall not alone confirm,
But Honour, and Reward, both thee and all Men,
That appear foremost in this pious Work.

Sap. If your Imperial Majesty shall please
To shower your Favours upon such as are
The bravest Champions of our Religion,
Behold this worthy Man, to whom the Power
Was by your self committed; and for Proof
He has deserved the Grace you did bestow,
And with a fair and equal Hand proceeded,
Partial to none, not even to himself, nor those
Of equal Nearness to him; look then, Great *Cæsar*,
On these two blooming Virgins.

Dio. Now thou command'st Respect.
Whose Daughters are they?

Sap. They are the Children of that worthy Man.

Art. Now by your sacred Fortune, Sir, they are fair ones,
Of virtuous Aspect, and becoming Features.
I wou'd the Gods wou'd put it in my Power,
To make them my Companions, and my Friends.

Theo. They are the Gods, great Lady,
Or else they were most happy in your Service.
On these, when they fell from their Father's Faith,
Entreaties failing, I us'd a Judge's Power,
To win them back again; make 'em adore
The mighty Gods we worship, I put on
The Scarlet Robe of Equity, and Justice;
And as they had been Strangers to my Blood,
I did inflict on them in horrid Form,
Whatever Tortures Cruelty could invent,
The which with *Roman* Constancy they suffer'd.

Art. And how, *Theopilus*, could a Father's Eye
Behold so barbarous a Scene of Cruelty,
As on a Rack to see those Limbs extended,
And hear your Childrens horrid Shrieks and Cries?

Theo. I did; but must confess,
There was a strange Contention in my Breast,
Between th' impartial Office of a Judge,
And Pity of a Father; but to help Justice,
Religion did assist, under which odds Compassion fell,
And even then I was a Father to 'em.
For when the Hangman's Iron-rods
Were worn with Stripes, upon their tender Limbs,
I kneel'd, and wept, and begg'd them; tho' they would
Be cruel to themselves, they would have Pity
On a sad Father so deprest with Sorrow.
At sight of which, more than thro' Sense of Pain,
Thanks to the Gods! they made a happy Change,
Embrac'd again the Faith I brought them up in,
And now are given the Gods, as holy Vestals.

Dio. 'Twas well and wisely done.
Thou dost, *Theopilus*, deserve thy Office,
Enjoy it still, and rest assur'd of Favours,
And just Rewards, both from the Gods and *Caesar*.
Now having in your careful Hands dispos'd,
What is relating to the awful Gods:
Next let's descend to our own human Cares,
And exercise that Power Heav'n has conferr'd
To punish those whom Justice cannot shield;
Nor our Imperial *Roman* Laws protect.
Those who delight in Rapine, and Injustice,
And in Rebellion 'gainst the State of *Rome*,
Dare scorn our Anger, and insult our Person.

And first of you, *Aurelius*, King of *Pontus*,
 Rebel and Traytor to our *Roman* State.

What can you urge to qualifie your Crimes,
 And mitigate an injur'd *Cesar's* Anger?

Aur. True, *Cesar*, I am now
 Become a Slave; tho' Yesterday a King,
 That had Command o'er many thousand Slaves,
 I'll not deny my Father paid you Tribute;
 But yet he left in me a daring Soul,
 Of Liberty and Conquest both desirous.
 And tell me, If as you *Romans* hold it Honour,
 Not only to defend what is your own,
 But to enlarge your Empire and your Power,
 Why is Ambition then a Crime in me,
 Unless it's Criminal when 'tis unfortunate?

Dio. Proud King, are you so resolute?

Aur. I stand regardless of Events to come,
 For he that's fallen like me, can fall no lower;
 By an experimental Proof I find,
 The sad Uncertainty of human Grandeur;
 But tho' by Fate in Chains and Slavery bound,
 Yet I dare boldly meet even *Cesar's* Doom.

Dio. In growing Empires,
 Oft Cruelty is useful; some must suffer,
 And be expos'd, Examples for the rest;
 But when a State is grown to its Perfection,
 Its Basis fixt too firm to shake or yield;
 Mercy may interpose; but not to those
 Whose Baseness shames the Conqueror,
 And robs him of his Victory, as once
 The Coward *Perseus* did our Great *Eumillius*:
 Therefore know, King of *Macedon* and *Pontus*,

We can with Honour use our valiant Captives,
As well as by our Arms we make 'em so;
And that you, Sir, are Brave, and truly Noble,
We have no Cause to doubt: Retain our Friendship,
And henceforth be assured of our Protection;
Tho' you have lost the Fortune,
You yet retain the Courage of a King;
But had you born your adverse Fortune basely,
You had remain'd unworthy our Esteem,
And forfeited what you deserve, our Love.
Unbind the King, and call him *Cæsar's* Friend.

Aur. Make me not thus the Object of your Mockery.
What, tho' to Day, as I my self did Yesterday,
You stand aloft, upon th' extreamest Height
Of the inconstant Goddess Fortune's wheel,
When she again shall turn't, as sure she will,
You may fall headlong down at once like me:
For no Man is secure, how great soever.
This Truth consider'd, taught th' *Egyptian Hercules*,
That had his Chariot drawn by Captive Kings,
To free them from that Slavery and Shame;
But for my wretched self to expect, or hope,
Such Mercy from a *Roman*, were meer Madness.
I know too well, what tyrannous Cruelty,
Rome since her Infant Greatness ever us'd,
Towards those whom adverse Fate has made her Captives,
And in that Catalogue of wretched Men,
Unfortunate as I am, my Name's enrol'd,
By Ages yet to come to be remembred.

Dio. Now by my Father's Urn, and sacred Ashes,
Aurelius is my Friend! *Sapritius*! *Antony*!
Why stand you thus, when *Cæsar's* Friend is bound?

Let

Let him still wear his Crowns of *Macedon*,
Pontus, *Epire*; and let his Hand retain
 The sacred and supreamest Power of Kings.

By Heaven: It shall be so: [They unbind him.

We, *Cæsar*, say it, and who dares controul?

Stand off, and let me take him to my Bosom:

My Friend! O let me hold thee to my Breast. [Embrace.

Yet nearer, to my Heart, and place thee there.

No longer may the Gods protect our Life,

Than we retain our Friendship for this King,

Whose Virtues make him rival the loud Fame

Of *Scipio*, *Julius*, *Pompey*, or *Augustus*.

Aur. By Courtesie and Courage twice o'ercome,

Doubly I am *Cæsar*'s Slave;

But this shall teach me,

Ever to live in Amity with *Rome*,

And *Dioclesian*'s Fame.

Dio. We do believe your Tongue

Without Dissimulation speaks your Heart:

Now would imperious Fortune mix

Some slight Misfortune with my many Joys,

'Twould make me taste the Pleasure I possess,

And raise my Life to the extreamest top

Of human Happiness.

I am surrounded here with all I wish,

My faithful Subjects —

My most brave Commanders —

And here, my gallant Friend —

I am transported —

To that degree, I quite forget my self —

And the just distance due to *Cæsar*'s Throne,

But shall recover: Come nearer me, *Artimia*,

Thou

Thou art the Crown of all my Hopes and Joys;
Joy of my Youth, and Darling of my Age.

Art. My Royal Father,

Let me on my Knees

[*Kneels.*

Make this Acknowledgment; I only pay
That Debt the Gods have laid upon us all,
But doubly upon me, first as a Subject,
And as a Daughter next.

Dio. Rise, my *Artimida*.

Thy Virgin Sweetness

May justly claim the happy Crown of Love:
A Husband blest with Virtue, Youth, and Honour,
And such a Blessing ought to be esteem'd
The chief *Area* of a Virgin's Hope.

Speak — Let thy Inclinations form thy Choice,
These Persons here, whose Worth adorn our Crown,
Are, tho' our Subjects, worthy of our Daughter:
Or, if thy generous Soul aspires to Empire,
Behold this Monarch, and no more remember
That he was once our Captive,
But that he is now our Friend.

Why art thou silent? by *Jove's* sacred Thunder,
Thy Choice shall meet thy Father's Approbation.

Art. This is a Bounty

The Daughters of great Persons seldom meet,
For they, to make up Breaches in the State,
Or for some other politick Ends, are oft
Oblig'd to marry where they want Affection.
O, that my Life may still deserve this Favour.

Dio. Speak — let us know the Man.

Aur. Fate has deprest me so, I cannot hope it;
O, that the God of Love wou'd be propitious.

[*Aside.*

Art.

Art. If the so much admir'd Name of Queen,
 Or gaudy Pomp of Titles, were my Wish,
 Here shou'd I fix my Heart, and look no further :
 But these are only the aspiring Hopes
 Of Virgins, born in an obscure State.
 Not she who is honour'd to call *Cæsar* Father,
 No Honour can I gain by any Monarch,
 I am your Daughter, and when that is said,
 We have exprest th' extreamest top of Glory.

Dio. *Cæsar* commends the Greatness of thy Mind.

Art. If then of Men beneath me
 My Choice is to be made, where shall I chuse,
 But amongst those who best deserve from you;
 Whose Care amidst the Dangers of the Wars
 Have been for *Cæsar's* Life ;
 Whose valliant Breasts,
 Oppos'd as Shields, the flying Javelins
 Aim'd at my Father's Heart ?

Ant. Her Eye's on me.

O that the Gods wou'd fire her Breast
 With Love for any other Man but me ;
 Heav'n knows I am a Votary elsewhere.

[*Aside.*

Art. I wou'd accept *Antonius* — Sir —

Ant. I am dead with wonder.

[*Aside.*

Sap. Blast not thy Father's Hopes ;
 Welcome thy Fortune, and appear a Man.

Dio. What, Sir, am I not worthy of your Love ?

Ant. You, Madam, are a Sun,
 Too radiant for my dazled Eyes to gaze on,
 O let me at an humble distance kneel,
 Least like *Iccarius* I madly soar,
 Melt my soft Wings of Hope, and fall for ever.

[*Kneels.*

Art.

Art. Rise, Sir, and be assur'd,
Tho' this Humility becomes you well,
'Tis distant far from the Design of Love.

Ant. Why name you Love to such an abject Wretch;
That's born to Servitude and meaner Thoughts.
Let not the giddy Heights of wild Ambition,
Tempt me from homely, low Security;
But rather when old Age deprives me
Of Strength to serve my Country in her Wars;
May I be crown'd with Honour justly won,
And in an honest old *Plebean's* Grave,
Silently rest in Death.

Art. Henceforth *Artimia* shall throw off the Awe
That waits on Majesty and Princely Birth,
Nay change the Name of Subject into Lord,
And make it all her Care to Honour you.
Why then is *Antony* so deaf and backward,
So fearful to accept a Princess Love?

Ant. Accept——

Art. What, shall I be refus'd?

Ant. Refuse you, Madam——No——

Shall a poor Hind refuse what Kings would Court,
And kneel to with the lowest Reverence?
Call it not a Refusal, name it rather
An humble Modesty, a Fear, an Awe,
That dare not match a Mole-hill with *Olympus*.

Art. The Man whose Honour worthily atchiev'd,
Mounts him upon the Wings of spreading Fame,
Is equal, not inferior to a King.

Ant. If you love Valour,
As 'tis a kingly Virtue, seek it out,
And cherish it there-where it shines with Lustre.
Behold the King of *Macedon* and *Pontus*,

It is incorporate in his Valiant Soul:

And let it not Disgrace him, that he was
Overcome by *Cæsar's* Fortune, and *Rome's* Power.

Sap. Spiritless Villain!

Did ever Man with Eloquence endeavour
Thus damnably to blast his Prosperous Fortune!
Now by the Immortal Guardian of my House,
This Arm of mine, though he's my only Son,
Could at one Blow dispatch him hence to *Pluto*.

Dio. Hold *Sapritius*,

On our Displeasure hold,
The Gods and Fate will be superior still.

Art. Well, Sir, I am satisfied,
My Passion's not advanc'd to such a height;
But that I can with Honour still retire,
And scorn the Person that rejects my Love.

Ant. See my *Eumillius*, on her Angry Brow
Revenge in Bloody Characters seems writ. [*To Eumillius.*]

Eum. My Lord, you must endeavour
To appease this Storm, this Tempest of her Rage,
Or much I fear we both shall perish in it. [*To Antonius.*]

Ant. O Sacred Lady, mitigate your Anger,
And hear me yet a Word.

Art. Hear you again,
And be again refused?

Ant. Pardon, dread Princess, that I made some Scruple
To leave the pleasant Prospect of Content,
For the more dangerous Heights of Splendid Greatness;
On which whoever yet could stand secure
And fearless say — I dare the Frowns of Fortune?
Your awful Distance from my humble State
Made me scarce Credit what assail'd my Ears.
Dare I presume to Embrace, where but to touch

With

With an unhallow'd Hand would merit Death?
When first the Fox beheld the King of Beasts,
He, amaz'd, and aw'd, retir'd half dead with Fear.
The second View he was less daunted at him,
And at the third with Boldness dar'd salute him:
Perhaps like him a little Time will teach me
To look with more familiar Eyes upon you,
Than low Humility allows me now.

Art. You may command Respect,
All yet may be redeem'd, and you succeed.

Dio. And that he may have Means
And Opportunity to do so,
My dear *Artimia*, in *Casaria* here
Our Substitute till our Return we leave you.

Sap. Most gladly we Obey her.

Dio. Sapritius, Thanks:

Your forward Zeal to serve us
Have placed you near our Heart;
Be you the Guardian of our Daughter's Sex.
And should the Gods decree your Son our Heir,
We shall most gladly take it as a Blessing:
Our Friend, if you will join your Power and Fortune
With us, and ours, in the *Dalmathian* War,
When Victory with Conquest crowns our Arms,
The fair Addition shall be to your Kingdoms.

Ant. Thanks mighty Emperor, most gladly we comply.

Dio. Now in my Lords, and let each Face in Smiles
Express the Joy and Gladness of the Heart.
Let us our Senses drown in soft Delight,
And dedicate to Mirth this Happy Night.
Forget the Toils of War, and Cares that wait
On Monarchs Crowns, and the Affairs of State.

[*Exeunt, Trumpets sounding.*]

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Antonius and Eumillius.

Ant. Farewel to all my Honours,
F For I am fallen as low as Fate can throw me.
 No more shall Fame, or Time's recorded Legends
 Extend my Name to this, or future Ages:
 Nor shall there be a mention of it made;
 But with Derision and the last Contempt.
 Even Hope, that Flatterer Hope,
 (That calms the Brow of the most wretched Soul,
 And makes Captivity and toylsom Life
 To be supported with Content and Ease,)
 Has quite abandon'd your unhappy Friend,
 And banish'd hence the smallest glympse of Joy.
 My Life's dispoil'd of all its blooming Glories,
 And very soon by an untimely Death
 Fate shall dispose me in my silent Tomb;
 Where whosoever pass, shall scoffing say.
 This is that Soldier's Tomb that died a Woman's Slave,
 And blasted all his Honours for that Sex
 Who scarce deserve a wife, or brave Man's Notice.
 But oh! it must be so, it must be so,
 Even as a Taper whose extinguished Light
 Offends with Noisom Savour those about it;

So

So shall my Name and Fall eclipse thy Virtues,
And make thee Scorn'd and Curst, as I am now.

Eum. My Lord, I think not so,
I can't conceal my Thoughts, though they may offend you.
You surfeiting in an Excess of Fortune
Call your Abundance Want;
What would you wish that is not fallen upon you,
Greatness, Wealth, Honour, and the World a Dowry
Offer'd with a Princess, whose excelling Form
Exceeds a Fortune so immensely Great.

Ant. Poison is Poison, though in Gold we drink it,
And what are all those pompous Shows of Pleasure
To one whose Pains forbid him to possess?
A painted Banquet, no essential Food.
When I am scorch'd with a consuming Flame,
Can any other's Fire extinguish mine?
What is her Love, her Wealth, Empire and Greatness
To me, who die in an Excess of Passion
For one whose Smiles can only make me happy?

Eum. I know you point at
Your Doatage on the scornful *Dorothea*.
Though she be fair and vertuous,
Yet you must not, cannot
Compare her with the Goddess of your Fortune.
In every Action, wise Men propose their Ends.
Consider, nay timely consider, then
With this there comes all Joy, Delight and Pleasure;
What would you more to form a happy Life?
With the other, though indeed her Birth is Noble,
As Daughter to a Senator of *Rome*,
By him left rich, yet 'tis a private Wealth,
Inferior to your own, with which she brings

The Curses of the Emperor and your Father ;
 Nay, and the Anger of our *Roman* Gods :
 For, but consider that she stands suspected
 Of favouring Christianity ; nay, some
 Will openly avow she is a Christian.
 If so, you know it doubles *Cesar's* Wrath,
 And sharper points the Vengeance of the Gods.

Ant. In that wherein you think your self most wise,
 Most grossly you mistake, and judge amiss.
 For me, or you to match above our Rank,
 Is but to sell our Liberty for State,
 And be at best confined in Golden Chains,
 Prisoners for Life to all the Tols of Greatness.
 What is a Crown ? alas, it seems to me
 But the uneasie galling tiresom Load
 Of him that wears it.

Eum. You have thought otherwise.

Ant. I with *Artimia* still must live a Servant,
 With *Dorothea* as a Husband rule.
 As for the Danger,
 Or call it if you please assur'd Destruction,
 I slight it, and contemn it as a Folly,
 For which my Childhood dreaded a Reproof.
 If thou, *Eumillius*, yet wouldst be my Friend,
 Let not his Fancy to perplex my Soul
 Invent imaginary Ills and Dangers ;
 But rather lend his kind assisting Hand,
 Where, or I want, or merit his Assistance.

Eum. You know, my Lord, I ever was ambitious
 To serve your Wants, and be esteem'd your Friend.

Ant. Go then, *Eumillius*,
 To *Dorothea*, tell her I have worn,

In all the Conflicts I have had in War,
Her Image in my Heart, which like a Deity
Has still protected and inspir'd my Fame.
Thou hast been us'd to speak, and let me beg,
This once to serve thy Friend, thy nicest Art.
Let soft Persuasion hang upon thy Tongue,
And in th' Expression of thy Thoughts and mine,
Use what thy Wit and Eloquence can invent.
For Wit and Eloquence will blast the Counsels
Of the Sagest Politician, will dress a horrid Tale
In such a form, that even the Gods themselves
Have oft mistaken and embraced a Falshood.
Thus make her understand how much I Love her.
All Fears that may deter me throw behind,
Say I this Morning in the Name of Friendship
Design to Visit her.

Eum. You may depend on what
My utmost Service can perform.

[*Exit Eum.*]

Ant. Thus do the wretched raise Fantastick Projects,
On the least Basis their wild Fancy forms,
And bless themselves with the delightful Prospect,
'Till some unthought of sudden blast of Chance,
Destroys at once all their projecting Hopes.
Would the just Gods be once propitious here,
Nought have I else, either to hope or fear,
For what's beyond my Love, shall be beyond my Care.

}
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Prison, Men in Chains Begging.*

Enter Dorothea and Hellena.

Dor. My Friend, is this the Prison,
Whose needy sorrowful Inhabitants

Hell.

Have not yet tasted what my Wants could spare?

Hell. Madam, it is.

Dor. Alas, poor Souls!

1 *Pris.* Pray your Charity, for Heavens sake.

Dor. Saw you the Place within?

Hell. I did,

Which made me interceed for their Relief.

When first I entred, the offensive Stench

Was so extreemly Noyfom to the Sense,

That with the dismal Horror of the Place,

And dreadful Cries and Howlings of the Tortur'd,

My Senses were almost depriv'd and gone.

Indeed 'twas very piteous to behold

The many Poor, Naked, unhappy starving Souls,

That lay just ready to expire through Pain,

Through bitterest Want, Thirst, Cold and Hunger,

And not one Charitable Friend to help them.

1 *Pris.* Pray your Charity.

Dor. Take what my mean and slender Fortune grants,
And from this loathsom Prison free your selves.

Dear bought Experience is the surest way

To Knowledge of the World and base Mankind.

If Crimes confine you, done against the Laws,

Amend, and let Repentance make Attonement;

But if for your Religion you are chain'd,

I pity you indeed.

1 *Pris.* Heaven ever bless you.

2 *Pris.* May the good Gods protect you.

Dor. That which Necessity of Life can spare,
If from the Prisoner, Friendless, and the Orphan,
The Widow, or the aged poor Man's Wants,
For any baser Use we should perloin,

We rob 'em of their Due, and for Reward
Entail a Curse on us and on our Children.
But now, my Friend, our Charity thus given,
Let our Devotion next employ our Time.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Palace.*

Enter Sapritius and Eumillius meeting.

Sap. Eumillius,

May Rome's Guardian Gods direct thee.

Eum. If you mean well, my Lord,

Eumillius does return the friendly Wish.

Sap. If I mean well?

When did I ever mean thee otherwise?

Eum. I am in haste, and beg your Lordship's Pardon.

Sap. Stay, hear me yet a Word.

Eum. Be brief.

Sap. As Thought.

Tell me, *Eumillius*, how the Princess does;

Say how she rested; you can tell I know,

Such youthful amorous Souls as you're possess'd with

Urges you, ere you're able to write Man,

Or the soft callow Down can shade your Face

From boyish Looks,

To think on nought but Women,

And watch each single Smile or am'rous Glance;

Besides Intelligencers, that, like Flies,

Observe unseen a Princess' closest Actions,

And buz their Knowledge to your Ears in Whispers.

Eum. She rested ill, it seems.

Sap. Double your Courtesie.

How does my Son?

Eum.

Eum. Ill, well, worse, better,
I can't tell how he does.

Sap. Why what an Answer's this? but one Word more;
When does the Princess take him to her Bed?

Eum. I know not.

Sap. That's very strange,
Sincethou'rt the Manuscript where he writes his Secrets.
Prethee *Eumillius*, say.

Eum. I said before, my Lord, I did not know.

[*Exit Eum.*]

Sap. Either the young ill-manner'd Clown is mad,
Or, what is much the same, in Love;
Deeply in Love, up to the Head and Ears:
And yet my Mind suggests there's something more
Than I'm acquainted with: I'll fathom it,
And may be stop its Progress. Let me see,
'Tis told me he's in Love with *Dorothea*,
That lifeless Image of what Woman should be,
That dries up all her ruddy gay Complexion
In Fasting, Penance, Prayer and Meditation,
And 'tis supposed, in Mockery of our Gods:
Should she once blast the Soul of *Antony*,
By *Pluto's* self, with such unheard of Tortures
I'd Sacrifice her Body to the Gods,
That ev'n the Damn'd should start at the Invention,
And count their Torments an *Elisium* to 'em. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Dorothea and Eumillius.

Dor. You have been lavish in his Praise already.

Eum. And yet most just to Truth.

There is in *Antony* so brave a Soul,

So

So much of Honour, Honesty and Truth; and then
A Form full of such Manly Excellence,
That Queens admire him, and court his Love.

Dor. Eumillius!

I thought your Years had not been yet acquainted
With the deluding Cozenage of Mankind;
But now I see it, and am satisfy'd.
Men learn to flatter, and betray our Sex,
Almost as soon as they are taught to speak,
So natural is Deceit ev'n to the youngest:
But do not think a Lover's idle Language
Can force Belief in one that knows his Arts;
His Passions, Protestations, Vows and Sighs,
And all his foolish Train of Madman's Actions:
No: if thou hast a Message, let me know it
In as few Words as Brevity allows.

Eum. He scorns to boast his Father's Pow'r and Wealth,
Or his own Honours merited from *Cesar*;
Rejects the offer'd Love ev'n of a Princess,
And greets the World and Fortune with Contempt,
To throw his Person into your Possession:
You're the only Object of his Love and Hopes,
And Mistress of his Fate.

Dor. Surely it must be Gold;
For Friendship only, as the World goes now,
Is not of force to bribe such Commendation.

Eum. What Answer must I bear?

Dor. Tell him,
The Tales of Love are most offensive to me.
And let him know that my Affection's plac'd
On something far above perfidious Man;
Man, that delights to prey upon our Sex,

And make their Sport of our mistaking Folly.

Eum. You make me an unwelcome Messenger.

Enter Antonius.

But himself — who will, I hope,
Hear News more pleasing from you.

Ant. And has my Friend receiv'd unwelcome News?

Eum. I care not to repeat it.

Ant. How can there be,
In such a noble Casket, wherein lies
Beauty and Chastity in full Perfection,
A Heart so flinty hard, that Innocence
And lawful Love can force no Entrance?

Dor. O there are many, very many Arts,
Your Sex employs to undermine our Virtue,
Baffle our Virgin Chastity, and make us
The easie Prey to your unlawful Passions.

Ant. Can you suspect?
Let me protest and vow.

Dor. I have often heard,
A Lover's Protestations are but Wind,
Made to disguise the Baseness of his Purpose.
I must retire, my Lord. — Your Pardon.

[*Going*]

Ant. O, why should Innocence become a Suppliant,
And ask for Pardon where there's no Offence?
Be but so merciful before you go,
As let me whisper in your Virgin Ear,
What I am loath to lay on any Tongue
But this my own.

Dor. If one immodest Accent should escape it,
My Hatred is —

Ant. O, name it not!

My

My virtuous Love ne'er entertain'd a Thought
But what the purest Vestal might express.

Eum. *Hermes* inspire my Friend.

Enter behind Saprītius and Artimīa.

Sap. As I suspected; their Engine too;
Curse on him, he is busie in the Work.

Art. Base Villain.

Sap. Bridle your Rage, sweet Princess,
My Arm shall satisfy your just Resentment.

Dor. Sir, for your Fortunes, were they Mines of Gold,
My Love is placed upon an Object richer;
And for your Worth, your Person is to him
Lower than any Slave is to a Monarch.

Sap. So insolent! base Christian.

Dor. Could I, with wearing out my Knees before him,
Gain that most happy Grace, to make you his,
You would confess your self
Happier than Kings.

Sap. Confusion on the Witch!
Her Christian Magick works against his Faith.

Ant. No Power is there,
Within the Verge of this terrestial Globe,
To whom with such Devotion I would kneel. [Kneels]

Sap. Curse on his Baseness.

Dor. Why will you kneel, my Lord?

Ant. This, as the humblest Posture, was design'd
To move Compassion and implore the Gods,
When contrite Mortals beg'd the Aid of Heav'n:
O, let it then move Pity in your Breast,
For one who begs Acceptance of his Love;
Contemns the offer'd Service of a Princess,
and scorns her Wealth and Person, to adore you.

Art. Ingrateful Monster!

Ant. Perhaps 'tis my Religion makes you frown.
Permit me but your Love, you may enjoy
Your own religious Faith and Christian Worship;
I ne'er shall urge you from that Pow'r,
To which you Christians kneel.

Sap. I can no longer
Fret out my Life, with wondering at the Villain:
Would, when his pregnant Mother bore him,
The Gods had struck him dead within the Womb,
And made his Birth abortive.

Eum. My Lord, your Father.

Art. Is that the Idol your Devotion points at,
Traitor to Love and me? But I have Pow'r,
And can find Means to satiate my Revenge.

Sap. Gods! I could tear my Heart!
Thy Crime is Punishment enough for thee:
But for this Hag. I'll count it Pleasure,
Whole Winter Nights to watch on the black Verge
Of some high Precipice, horrid to Nature,
Or in some magick Cave or loathsome Dungeon,
Whose suffocating Fumes or ragged Entrails
Shall shock thy Soul, make thee to houl in Anguish,
And, plung'd in Hell's Despair, curse thy own Being.

Art. My Love henceforward shall be turn'd to Hatred
And nothing will I study but Revenge.

[*Exeunt Sap. and Art*]

Eum. I am Thunder-struck!

We're all o'er-whelm'd in the same Gulph of Ruin.

Dor. For sake of Honour, Sirs, for what you've been,
Partners in Danger, and inured to War;
Let not your Courage be o'erthrown

By a weak Woman's Threats.

I cannot fear either her Rage or Malice.

Ant. O 'tis the Malice,
Not only of a Woman, but a Princess;
And when to the Invention of her Sex,
The Power and Means to execute her Will
Be also added, what may we expect
But Death and sure Destruction?

Dor. In gallant Souls
The fear of Death is Baseness:
For what is Death to one that looks beyond it,
But a Repose from Care, a soft Retreat
From the perplexing Toils of tiresome Life?

Re-enter Artimia, Sapritius, Theophilus, and Guards.

Art. Seize on *Antonius*.

Now, Sir, you are in my Power;
Yet I shall not insult you,
Nor linger out your Death.
Hence with 'em all. With him to Execution;
But even Death it self
Shall be out-wearied in tormenting her:
I'll change those scornful Smiles, e'er I have done,
To Shrieks and Groans thro' Agony and Pain;
And when the Pangs of Death shall rend her Heart,
Then let her Pride and Scorn insult and brave me.

Sap. Altho' the Reverence

I bear the Gods, and you, are in my Bosom
Torrents so strong that Pity quite lies drown'd,
And I can scarce even speak for this rash Boy;
Yet when I think and ponder with my self
What 'tis to die, perhaps to cease to be,

And in the Bloom of Youth, that might
 By Nature's course have been thrice doubled:
 Powerful I feel the Anguish of a Father,
 The natural Pangs of a paternal Sorrow;
 And must confess I am forc'd to be a Man,
 Forc'd on my Knees to beg his forfeit Life.

Ant. Why does my Father kneel? Rise, Sir,
 And beg not that which I disdain to enjoy;
 I am more content to undergo the Sentence,
 Than you to give the Judgment, and freely offer
 My Blood the Sacrifice to appease your Anger;
 But I must kneel, tho' 'tis not for my self,
 To implore your Mercy on that heav'nly Form.
 Preserve that Temple builded fair as yours is,
 And *Cesar* never went in greater Triumph
 Than I shall to my Death.

Art. Are you so brave and resolute?
 Set forward, Sirs; and let those Darlings,
 The Partners of his Heart, partake the Honour.

Dor. For my Part, Death is welcome to my Arms.
 As gladly I'll embrace the Means that brings it,
 As a desiring Maid her wisht-for Love.
 The Visage of a Hangman frights not me.
 Your torturing Racks, your Gibbets, Axes, Fires,
 Are Scaffoldings, by which my Soul mounts up
 To an eternal glorious Habitation.

Theo. *Cesar's* Imperial Daughter, hear me speak.
 Let not this Christian Witch, in her proud Pageantry,
 And vile Derision of our Gods and *Cesar*,
 Build to her self a Kingdom in her Death;
 Take my Advice, and then her bitterest Torments
 Shall be, to feel her Constancy beat down,

The Pride and Bravery of her Resolution
Lie batter'd by our Arguments in Pieces;
She on her Knees will gladly creep again,
To implore the Mercy of our *Roman* Gods.

Art. How is this to be done?

Theo. I'll send my Daughters to her,
And they shall turn her rocky Faith to Wax;
Or this shall be, or never let me meet
An honest *Roman's*, but a Villain's Death.

Art. Be she your Prisoner then.

Your Son and that the Minion he delights in,
Sapritius do you keep in close Confinement.
My self will horrid Death inflict
On those that suffer them by Speech or Letters
To greet, or to communicate their Thoughts.
Seize her Estate, *Theophilus*; deprive her
Of all the Means of Sustenance and Life,
Only some Bread and Water; apply her Wealth
To your own Use, and take it for your Service.

Dor. I'll bear with Patience what's th' Almighty's Will,
The Bread of Poverty shall feed me still;
Content and Peace shall dwell within my Breast,
'Till Death has seal'd my everlasting Rest.
Cease not, my Soul, to adore that Power above,
Who thus expresses his correcting Love;
Thus guards my Weakness 'gainst that Fiend Despair,
And arms my Soul with Penitence, and Pray'r. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Sapritius, Theopilus, Calista, and Christeta.

Sap **B**E kind, my Friend, and give me thy Advice
 In this Immergence of Distress and Sorrow.
 My Son, this Son of mine, whom Nature gave me
 To be the Joy and Gladness of my Manhood,
 Is now become the Sorrow of my Age.
 Stretched on his Couch he lies, as if already
 Death had depriv'd him of all Sense and Motion;
 Often a melancholy Sigh or Groan
 Gets vent, and forces Passage from his Heart:
 His Eyes half open, steddily are fixt
 On the next Object that athwarts his View.

Theo. Can't your Phyfician's Skill prescribe a Remedy?

Sap. Not any: Oh my Heart!

Theo. Is there no Hopes?

Sap. All my expecting Hopes in him are blasted,
 Blown into the Air, like Vapours quite extinguish'd.
 I am frantick with the Thought.

O ye just Gods! would he had ne'er been born.

Theo. Know you no Cause from whence it shou'd proceed?

Sap. I judge it to be Love;

And tell me pray, what Phyfick's against that?

He loves this Christian Virgin, *Dorothea.*

And

And cou'd the angry Princess be pleas'd,
All Title to her Love surrender'd up;
Yet this coy Witch is so transported
With her Religion, that unless my Son
(But let him perish first,) believes like her,
She'll not vouchsafe the least Respect or Love.

Theo. But if she be remov'd from her Opinion,
As I cou'd hope she will,
By the persuasive and convincing Arguments
My Daughters Wit shall use;
You'll find her then possess with a Compliance
To all that you in reason can expect.

Sap. If she persists, I'll crush her into nothing.
The *Stygian* Damps, breeding infectious Air,
The Mandrake's Groans, the Basilisk's killing Eye,
Nay all the Horrors Devils can invent,
Shall prove to her less fatal than my Rage.

Theo. Now you resolve indeed!

Sap. I have deferr'd my Vengeance,
In hopes to draw this young Apostate back,
Which will be greater Honour than her Death,
To her dead Father's Faith.

Theo. Upon these Hopes we build;
Come nearer Children, may the Gods inspire you,
And prosper your Attempts to do them Service,
And their Religion Honour.

Sap. Add to your Reasons,
Or Threats, or Gifts, or Promises to win her;
If you prevail, 'tis the most glorious Work
You ever undertook.

We'll send her to you——

[Exit.

Theo. Be constant, and be careful——

[Exit.

Enter Dorothea, and Captain of the Guards, who Exit.

Cal. Health and eternal Joy attend thee, fair One.

Christ. We are sorry for your Troubles, and to meet you
Thus as a Criminal guarded, most afflicts us.

Dor. And I am sorry you have Liberty,
So well I like your Virtues;
Though your mistaken Zeal oppose my Knowledge,
That I cou'd wish for the same Crime as mine,
You were my Fellow-Prisoners.

Cal. Our Friendship is as great as formerly,
Tho' you rejected us; and now our Visit
Is to offer you our Counsel and Assistance,
In this deprest Estate of adverse Fortune.

Dor. I gladly welcome it.

Christ. You may remember,
In what religious Bonds of friendly Amity
Our honour'd Parents liv'd; and that our selves
Have from our Childhood still enjoy'd the same,
Till our returning to our Father's Faith,
From whence your Conversation had betray'd us,
Has lately caus'd this Separation.

Cal. Look on us in that sad Estate you are in,
When o'er our Heads the Vengeance of the Gods
Stood ready to destroy us: All the Comforts
And Joys of Life, when Christians, had forsook us:
Instead of Blessings from our aged Parents,
Curses, Contempt and Scorn fell thick upon us.

Christ. This consider'd,
We timely made a safe and fair Retreat;
Again embrace the Mercy of our Gods,
And live in Peace and Pleasure.

Cal. By our Example, bequeathing
Misery to those that court it,
Learn to be happy ; scorn your Christian Yoak ;
'Tis much too heavy for so fair a Form.
The Father of the Gods design'd your Person
For Pleasure, Joy, and the Delights of Sense ;
And not your harsher Dictates of Morality.

Christ. Change your Religion, and no longer serve
Under the hard Injunctions of your Teachers.
Men, who impose such Doctrines of Faith,
As they themselves believe not ; grossly cheating you,
With Joys imagin'd, for experienc'd Sorrow.
Let us conjure you change, for our Religion
Is but a vary'd Exercise of Pleasure.
While your long Practice of continu'd Pray'r,
Penance, Confession, Abstinence, and Sorrow,
Makes you forget to Live.

Dor. Dare any say so much, or dare I hear it
Without a virtuous and religious Anger ?
Now to put on a modest Virgin Silence,
Is to that Power I serve a greater Injury,
Than to be Eloquent in vicious Councils.
What are your Temples Gods, Religious Rights,
And all the foolish Worshipps you delight in,
But juggling, mistical, deluding Follies ?

Christ. To gain you to our Faith, we have Power to grant
Whatever you will ask ; then timely think
You may enjoy, or Love, or Wealth, or Honour ;
Nay what you'll ask, to make your Life a Pleasure.
Do but comply, and serve our Father's Gods :
Whose Curses else will light most heavy on you.
You know their Vengeance is most powerful.

Dor. Powerful! alas! I neither dread their Power,
Nor court their Aid;

For what can Things inanimate perform,
That want both Life and Sense? Is it your Wood,
Your Gold or Silver Gods, that I shou'd fear?

Cal. We in their Images revere their Persons.

Dor. Their Persons? be it so. Consider then,
What are the Persons you so blindly Worship.
Your *Venus*, *Juno*, *Flora*, and the rest,
Were all but Prostitutes to Lust and Passion.
Your *Jupiter*, *Mars*, *Vulcan*, *Mercury*,
Were nought but Murderers, Paricides, and Lechers;
Or else all Fiction, and Poetick Fancy.

O blinded Ignorance! by the Truth I charge you,
Would you, to have your Father deify'd,
Behold him guilty of such horrid Crimes,
As the most savage *African* would start at?

Cal. Let Piety and Duty answer for me.

Dor. Or you, would either of you,
To be hereafter register'd a Goddess,
Give your chaste Body up to the Embraces
Of Wantonness and Lust? have it said of you,
This is the common Prostitute to Man,
A Mistress in the Arts of Wickedness,
Who knows all Tricks and Labarynths of Desire
That are unchast and foul?

Christ. I hope you think not so.

Dor. I would not judge so of you.

Cal. Nay, you cannot.

Dor. And yet all these I have nam'd, are infamous,
Even to a Proverb, among you their Worshippers.
Your *Venus* for her Whoredoms, *Juno*, *Ceres*,

And

And *Flora*, Foundress of the publick Stews.
But why should I proceed to any other?
You know the Truths I urge, confess it then,
And be yet wise and happy.

Christ. I dare not entertain a Thought like this.

Dor. I am sorry for it indeed.

Cal. Would I had ne'er been born.

Dor. Why will you make so impious a Wish?

Cal. Our Filial Duty hath destroy'd us both,
Plung'd us beneath the dark Abyss of Error,
And we are sinking, never more to rise;
There Truth we must confess, and blush to own.

Dor. Why do you weep? you may redeem all yet.
The darling Attribute of the Almighty,
Whose providential Care and Power supream
Form'd and supports us all, is Love and Mercy.

Christ. In what deplor'd Estate am I involv'd?

Dor. You may be happy.

Christ. Wou'd you cou'd point the Way.

Dor. The great Example of the Christians,
Who gave himself a Sacrifice, to save us,
If with an humble Penitence you implore,
Will aid and strengthen your religious Hope,
And guide you most secure.

Cal. I am overcome
With the sad Sense of my forlorn Condition.

Christ. O be assisting now, thou more than Friend,
And guide our Faith with thy celestial Counsel.
Accept us on our Knees to be your Partners, [*They kneel.*
And never, never, let's be more disjoin'd.

Dor. Rise then, and let's embrace,
Let us resolve to persevere in Virtue.

'Tis a celestial Comfort,
 Thus to enfold the Partners of our Fate,
 And Object of our Love: But are you sure
 Your Faith can stand against the Storms, the Blasts,
 And all the Assaults of persecuting Power?
 For Death, and Torment, and a future State,
 Are dreadful, shocking Thoughts to all of us;
 But more to those,
 Who yet have look'd no farther than the Grave.

Christ. Most sensible of this, let's kneel together,

[*All kneel.*]

Join all our Hands, and in a solemn Vow
 Protest to Heav'n, and beg its Guardian Influence
 To strengthen and support us in the Conflict.

Dor. 'Tis what my Soul desires,
 And may it be so.

Cal. Now I am confirm'd;
 And dare, by your Example,
 Oppose the worst of tyrannous Cruelty.

Dor. Let's on our Journey then, and meet our Fate:
 Our Faith secures us a more happy State.
 What, tho' the Grave our Bodies shall contain,
 Our Souls immortal, sure, must rise again,
 And o'er their Malice most triumphant Reign.
 Eternally possessing endless Joys,
 And pure Angelick Love that never Cloy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE Changes.

Enter Artimia, Sapritius, and Theophilus.

Art. Sapritius, tho' your Son deserves no Pity,
 Yet we do mourn his Sickness,

His

His base Contempt of us
We cast behind, and now look back, upon
His Service done to *Cesar*; which out-weighs
Our just Displeasure: If it is thro' Restraint
His Sickness has its Origin or Growth,
Or that you think his Liberty
Can be a Means to cure him,
Say, and let him have it,
For we forgive him freely.

Sap. Madam, you bind me ever to your Service.

Art. Use all the Means you can for his Recovery.
And tho' I yet retain some Tender for him,
And cou'd accept his Love; I will not force it.
If this fair Christian, who has rival'd me,
Be won to our Belief, let him possess her.
The World shall know, 'tis in a Woman's Power,
Or to command, or to subdue her Passions.

Theo. *Sapritius*, you are happy in your Wishes,
Such Eloquence and sweet Persuasion dwells
Upon my Daughters Tongues, they will persuade her
To any Change whatever.

Sap. I wou'd it might be so;
But I am certain 'tis no easie Task
To change the Mind of foolish obstinate Woman.
Perverseness is inherent to the Sex.

Enter Priest with Incence. *Dorothea, Calista, and Christeta,*

Priest. My Lord, your Daughters,
The Pillars of our Faith, having converted
(For so 'tis given out) this Christian Lady,
Are going to the Image of great *Jove*,
To offer Incence, and implore his Pardon.

Theo.

Theo. My Soul divin'd as much.

Blest be the Morn that gave 'em to my Arms;
 Their Mother, when she bore them to support
 My feeble Age, filled not my longing Heart
 With so much Joy, as they in this good Work
 Have thrown upon my Soul; welcome, thrice welcome
 Daughters, both of my Body and my Mind:
 Let me Embrace in you my Bliss, my Comfort;
 And *Dorothea*, thou art dearer now,
 Than if thou ne'er hadst fallen from our Faith.
 Speak, tell the blest Event of all my Wishes.

Christ. This Undertaking has, most honour'd Sir,
 Ga'n'd us Immortal Glory, and hereafter
 Shall be the Story of succeeding Times.

Cal. Never was time employ'd to such Advantage
 By either of us, since we had a Being.

Theo. My Joys are now compleat;
 Prepare the Incence quickly: *Dorothea*,
 I will my self support you while you kneel,
 And pay your Vows to *Jove*.

Dor. We all have this Resolve, to do it together.

Theo. True, their Knowledge is familiar with the Worship,
 And their Instructions may be some Assistance.

Cal. Give us the Censers now.
 Thus would we scorn and use their Images,
 And thus do we condemn their fabulous Persons.

[*They throw the Censers on the Ground, and tread on 'em.*]

Christ. And vow to Heaven, ne'er to regard 'em more,
 But with Contempt and Scorn.

Theo. This Sight has chill'd my Blood,
 I am blasted with it.

Sap. Prophane and Impious,
 Why stand you like a Statue?

Are you the Champion of our Gods ?

Where is your holy Zeal and Anger now ?

Art. I could not have this Thought.

Theo. Nor can I scarce believe it, tho' I saw it.

Sap. O, there is much of Woman in 'em all.

[*To Theophilus aside.*

Theo. Comfort farewell.

Destruction, Plague and Ruin,

And an Eternal Sorrow, from this Moment

Shall be the sad Companions of my Life.

A Statue? ay my Lord, there's nothing shall

Have Power to move this wretched Body

From that curs'd Place, where first

It heard and saw the horrid blasting Deed.

Would I had been born incápable of Reason,

Without the Faculties of Sense and Knowledge,

Not differing from a Brute, I had been happy,

And out of Fortune's Power in that Estate.

Art. *Theophilus*, you must endeavour Patience.

Theo. Patience?

Alas, why will you talk of Patience?

Can the sad Soul that groans in Agony,

And lies tormented with Excess of Pain,

Take the Advice of Patience from the Happy?

You feel not what I feel. Show me the Man

Whose Wretchedness may be compar'd with mine;

If he in such a Case as this will smile,

Regardless pass it by without Concern,

Then will I do it; but 'tis impossible,

And cannot be.

Art. Think, and appear a Man:

For when in such Excess of Passion drown'd,

A Man is but a Brute.

Theo.

Theo. We all can Counsel those in Misery,
 And very gravely give 'em good Advice;
 But when our selves taste of the same Affliction,
 Not one of us can take th' Advice we gave.
 I must resolve on something to be done.
 Give me, ye injur'd Powers, a Flood of Tears
 To expiate this Madness of my Daughters;
 For had they been themselves, they would have trembled
 At such an Impious Deed.
 Oh, for my sake, defer a while your Vengeance,
 And give me Patience to demand a Reason
 For this accursed Deed.

Dor. Accursed? no, it was not so, 'twas Glorious.

Theo. Peace, thou damn'd Hag,
 Thou Minister of Horror to my Soul;
 Speak but one Syllable against our Gods,
 And thou shalt never live to utter more.

Dor. I can't but smile, to think
 How zealously you plead for senseless Things,
 That want to know the Injuries are done 'em:
 Your *Jupiter* else would not have forgot
 The Thief that stole away his Golden Locks,
 And left him bald-pate in the Capitol.

Theo. Blasphemer!
 Ingenious Cruelty shall punish thee:
 Thou art past Hope. But for my Daughters
 Again seduced, the Dew of mild Forgiveness
 May gently fall, provided they deserve it.
 O be again your selves, with true Contrition
 Sue the offended Gods.

Cal. Your Gods!
 Not to be Mistress of the World.

Christ.

Christ. No, we are both
Christians as *Dorothea*, and dare die so.

Sap. You said just now
Something must be resolved.
Now let it be, and fix your Resolution,
Your Honour, the Credit of your Life,
Your All depends upon this piece of Justice.

Theo. What would you have me do?

Sap. Do they not merit Death?
Surely they do; but dying by your Hand,
'Twill be recorded to your Immortal Honour.
Strike then, at once dispatch 'em. I would do it:
See, here's my Dagger, you have got another,
And Hands enough to do the Work at once.
What need of Counsel is there in the Case?

Theo. You need not urge my Wrath, thrice hot already;
Ætna is in my Breast, here Sulphur burns
And quite consumes my Heart's warm Vital Blood.
Gods! nought but Death can stop its rapid Course;
Nay — and it must be so — but by my Hand!
My Hand? O you just Gods — How am I tortured now!
Give me your Dagger.

Sap. Ay here.

Theo. Now it is in my Power —
And yet I want the Will — it shall —
Yet it shall not. Gods! what shall I resolve?
Who waits?

[*Pauses.*]

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Cap. Your Lordship's Pleasure.

Theo. To you on pain of Death, this very moment,
Command a Party of our *Roman* Guards
Hence to the Verge of that stupendous Cliff,

Whose

Whose horrid Height o'erlooks the boisterous Surge,
 And frightens Nature with the dreadful Prospect.
 From thence throw headlong to Eternal Ruin
 These Instruments of Hell, these two, my Daughters;
 And dash'd in pieces, let their Bodies perish.

Cap. My Lord.

Theo. Do it, or by the Sacred Head of *Jove*
 Your self shall meet the Fate.

I will not hear a Word in their behalf.

Away, be gone.

Cap. My Lord! *Sapritius!*

Sap. I have nothing to say to't.

If you have his Command, you must obey it.

Cap. I must some way invent to shield their Virtues.

[*Exit, leading Christeta and Calista.*]

Theo. Away, or Death shall seal my Vengeance on you.

Dor. O let me join with them,

And I am happy.

Theo. Thou shalt not perish such an easie way;

But in my Charge, loaded with Iron Chains,
 And fed with Bread and Water, I'll afflict thee.

'Till I find out some new invented Engine

Worthy to torture thee.

Preserve me *Pluto*, still to be the Scourge

Of this base Christian mischief-making Sect,

To drive and to destroy them off the Earth.

From my Invention Torments shall have birth,

That shall so horrible to Nature seem,

Even Hell's dire Furies will my Zeal esteem,

And Copy from my Wit. Nor let me fall,

'Till Plagues and Tortures have consum'd 'em all.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Antonius discovered on a Couch, Sapritius, Eumilius, and a Physician.

Sap. SO deeply Nature pleads for this rash Boy,
 That I would give my All, my self to save him,
 And die contented in a wretched State.
 Search then, turn o'er the Volumes
 Of your mysterious *Æsculapian* Science,
 And try what Physick can for his Recovery.
 To give thee Recompence, I would account
 The World's vast Mass of Treasure but a Trifle
 Unworthy thy Acceptance, as a Reward.

Phys. Whatever Art can do, my Lord, I promise;
 But his Distemper seems so strongly armed
 With some pernicious, secret Melancholy,
 That I much fear the Grave will mock our Labours.

Eum. I have been his Keeper since his Illness,
 With such a watchful Care, as I have seen
 My Mother take over my younger Years;
 And from my Observation, sure I find
 It is a Woman must be his Physician.

Sap. A Woman! what occasion for a Woman?
 That Sex were never more esteem'd for Physick,
 Than they were despis'd for Mischief:
 My Son has no occasion for a Midwife,
 He is not Pregnant.

Eum.

Eum. Stand by his Pillow

Some little while, and in his broken Slumbers

You'll hear him call aloud on *Dorothea*.

Then passionately spreading ope' his Arms,

He closes 'em, and falls into a Slumber,

Pleas'd with the feign'd Embraces of his Love.

Physicians but torment him, his Disease

Laughs at their Attempts to gain him Health:

Let him but hear the Name of *Dorothea*,

Nay but the Name, he starts from off his Couch,

And his weak Spirits seem to gain new Life.

She, or none, cures him; and how that can be,

The Princess strict Commands to the contrary,

Barring their Personal Speech,

Does seem to me Impossible.

Sap. Impossible! it cannot, shall not be so:

My self will bring her hither in an Instant.

I had rather cease to live, than lose my Son.

Comfort him yet a while, 'till my return,

Which shall be very soon.

[*Exit Sap.*]

Ant. O I am Sick to Death; he gripes me hard,

And his cold Hand already seize my Heart.

I can't support my feeble shaken Form

Under this tiresome Load of Pain and Grief.

Farewel to Love, and Life, and *Dorothea*.

Eum. She's here; be happy and possess her, Sir.

Ant. Where, O you Powers, is that Angelick Form?

[*Starting.*]

What, dost thou mock me too? I would have thought

Better of thee, who call'st thy self my Friend.

Eum. Why should you think that I am not your Friend?

Ant. Because thou mak'st thy Sport of my Misfortunes.

I see 'tis in thy Nature too, *Eumilius*,

Like

Like the whole Race of Man, to be perfidious,
Man! that Superior Lord of the Creation,
With such Perfections form'd, and so endow'd
With Knowledge, Reason, Sense, desire of Glory,
So basely is degenerate from his Sire,
That liv'd in Ages past; you scarcely now
Shall find a Man that differs from a Brute,
Only in that Form erect, which he disgraces.
For Avarice, Lust, Perfidiousness, and Pride,
Has so possess'd the World, that he who now
Dares to be honest, shall be pointed at,
And made the Scorn of every Knave and Fool.

Eum. Yet, my good Lord, some worthy Men there are;
Who you must own to be both brave and virtuous.

Ant. But they are so few,
That in a thousand you shall scarce find one.
For all Men now are either Fools or Knaves:
Why should I wonder then, henceforth I will not,
Nor trust a Man, tho' he pretends to Friendship.

Phys. Let me entreat you, Sir, to take your Bed.

Ant. Can you procure me Rest?
For who would Groan away his Life like me?
What is thy Practice? Physick? Curse upon thee,
Thou art sworn Enemy to Life and Health,
And deal'st in Poison to destroy Mankind.
Why am I plagu'd with this dam'd ill-look Knave;
This meagre, hungry, cheating, silly Rogue;
This Mountebank, who wou'd even shame the Gibbet?
Eumillius, send him hence.

Eum. Good, my Lord, be your self.

Ant. How can it be?
Am I not mangled in a thousand pieces?

There

There moves my Head, my wretched Body's here,
And *Dorothea* has my Soul with her. [*Lies down.*]

Eum. Pray, Sir, retire; you do but discompose him.

Phys. I shall obey you, Sir. [*Exit Phys.*]

Enter Sapritius hastning in Dorothea.

Sap. Follow me, Sorcerers;
And let thy Magick now
Rescue thy snaky Locks out of my Hand.

Ant. Oh!

Sap. Art thou not sick, my Son?

Ant. To Death.

Sap. Wou'dst thou recover?

Ant. Wou'd I live in Bliss?

Sap. Why do thy Eyes shoot Daggers at the Man,
That brings thee Health?

Ant. Health is not in the World.

Sap. Behold, see here,
The Spoils, thy Spoils, thy Passion hunts for.
I descend to a base Office, and become thy Pander,
In offering to procure thee this for Health;
If she denies, force her; *Jove* give thee Strength.
Imagine thou assault'st a guarded Town.
Come, come, my Son; how coy this Strumpet looks?
Come this way, Sir—— [*Retires with Eumillius.*]

Dor. What is the horrid Purpose of your Soul?
Yet sure, from you I cannot dread a Danger.

Ant. Indeed you cannot;
I love too much, ever to injure
So heav'nly a Form.

Sap. Plague o' your Forms.

[*Observing 'em at the Entrance.*]

Ant. Alas! I wou'd not for the Roman Empire,

Give

Give the least Wound to thy celestial Virtues ;
Yet let me tell thee, 'tis my Father's Will,
That I by Strength should force thee to Compliance
With what thy Soul abhors ; but sure I will not ;
No ; sooner shall the solid Earth we move on
Be crush'd to nothing, shaken into Atoms,
And Nature's self be in wild *Chaos* lost.

Dor. Eternally be happy for this Language.

Re-enter Sapritius and Eumillius.

Sap. Be happy !

Be a Slave, a blockish Idiot ;
But I will teach thee to repent thy Sorcery.
Wou'd I had Strength, myself wou'd force from thee
Those boasted Virtues, which are made the Idols
Of thy accursed Worship.

Eum. For Heav'n's sake, Sir, disturb him not in Death.

Sap. Phlegmatick, cold Bastard :

For by my Father's Urn thou art not my Son.
One Spark of me, when I had Youth as thou hast,
By this had fir'd my Breast : Go, be gone, I say,
I'll find a way to make this Hag repent her.
Be gone, I say ; *Eumillius*, lead him hence,
And let him perish if he will, I care not.

Ant. And must we part ?

O yet one Moment let my closing Eyes
Behold the Object that my Soul delights in ;
But one short Moment, and I go content
In Death to close 'em, and eternal Rest.

Sap. Urge me no farther, on thy Life.

Ant. Farewel ! my Love ! my Life——

[*Ex. Ant. Eum.*

Sap. Who waits——

D

Enter

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Command a Slave to me.

Cap. I shall, my Lord —[*Exit.**Sap.* Now I will teach thee

A Trade which thou may'st practise ;

A pleasing, easy Trade, fit for thy Witchcrafts.

*Enter Captain and a Slave.**O*, come Sir, you appear a sturdy Rogue,

Fit for my purpose, you have a Carcass form'd

With Bones, and nervous Strength enough ;

Harkee ; What Countryman are you ?

Slave. A Briton.*Sap.* Britain, in the West Ocean ?*Slave.* Yes, an Island.*Sap.* Ay, 'tis the same, I know it.*O*f all our *Roman* Conquests none comes near it,

For Drinking and for Whoring. Sirrah, Fellow,

What wou'd you do to gain your Liberty ?

Slave. I wou'd fight naked with a hungry Lion ;

Venture to pluck a Standard from the heart

Of an arm'd Legion ; for Liberty I would

Bestride a Rampart, bid Defiance

Even in the Face of Death.

To shake my Chains off,

Which cou'd not be perform'd but by your Death,

Stood you upon this Flat, I on a Rock

Or Mountain's Precipice too high for Sight,

Down wou'd I leap, and sacrifice my Life,

Or gain my wish'd-for Liberty, with Honour.

Sap. Well said : but I'll enjoin an easier Task ;

Observe me, 'tis a Work that you delight in,

A common thing within your *Albion* Isle.

Drag

Drag from my sight this Hag, and ravish her:
And doing this, your Liberty is gain'd.

Slave. And ravish her! no! you mistake me, Sir,
As much as you mistake our *British* Tempers;
I scorn my Liberty at such a Price.

Command a *Roman* do it; for us *Britons*,

Even the meanest *Briton* of us all,

Regard Humanity and Honour more.

Tho' I'm a Slave, I scorn your *Roman* Arts,

Contemn your villanous Customs, and despise

The worst of all your Cruelties.

Sap. Art thou so daring?

Slave. I am a *Briton*!

Dor. Almighty Heav'n reward thy virtuous Soul:

Sap. Confound you all.

Gods! I cou'd tear my Heart to be thus brav'd;

Hence with him from my sight,

And hang him instantly.

Slave. Thou art more a Slave, than I. [*Ex. Capt. Slave.*]

Sap. Thou Hag, I will torment thee

To that Excess, thou shalt desire to die,

And be deny'd the Grace.

Thou shalt linger out thy hated Days in Torments,

Beyond the Pangs of Death.

Dor. Poor Man, thou hast my Pity.

Sap. So will I torture thee,

The Damn'd themselves shall start to hear thy Groans.

Dor. Ha, ha, alas!

Sap. What, am I scorn'd, and brav'd?

Command ten *Indian* Slaves, and let 'em satisfy

Their lustful Appetites: Where are you all?

Shall I be disobey'd? O I could tear thee

52 *Injured Virtue: Or,*
Into a thousand Pieces, but that my Age
Deprives me of the Strength,
And makes me sink, oppress'd with many Years.

[Throws himself on the Couch.]

Enter Theopilus, and Captain of the Guards.

Theo. Where's my Lord Governor?
What means all this, thou Devil of thy Sex?
This is thy Witchcrafts.

Dor. How can I help
His Passion hurrying him beyond his Reason?
He draws Heav'n's Vengeance on his Head himself;
I pity him, wou'd I had Power to help him.

Theo. Assist me, Sirs,
And let us raise him up.

Sap. Who art thou?

Theo. My Lord.

Sap. *Theopilus?*

Theo. How does your Lordship?

Sap. Blasted! bewitch'd!
Depriv'd of all my Senses
By that accursed Woman; seize her,
And bear her from my Sight to Racks and Tortures.
Pull from her Limbs her Flesh.
Mangle her! burn her! damn her! any thing,
So I am rid of her; bear her away,
Into the River throw her hated Ashes,
That the least Dust of her be seen no more.
Theopilus, see it done. If I have Strength
I'll follow thee myself. *[Exit. led off. Exeunt omnes.]*

S C E N E

S C E N E *Changes.**Enter Antonius, and Eumillius.*

Ant. Here let me rest, for I can go no farther :
My Pilgrimage of Life is near its End.
On this low Floor, kind Nature's humble Couch,
I'll lay me down. [*Lies down.*] Sure here
I am secure from the Insults of Fortune.
O! how happy
Were the first Mortals, who enjoy'd their Loves,
When Culture was the Business of Man's Life ;
When burning Jealousy had no Existence,
Nor Avarice, nor Ambition, found a Name !
Their Canopy, a cool and peaceful Shade ;
A Mossy Turf their Bed, and for a Pillow
A Tuft of Flowers, mix'd with matted Grass ;
Their Garments were even Innocence it self.
For they had nought to fear, nor knew no Shame.
O my dear Friend, that was a golden Age.

Eum. Take Comfort, good my Lord,
I will assist you hence.

Ant. No, here I mean to make my last Abode,
For thro' this Place the Life of all my Joys,
And Darling of my Soul, my *Dorothea*,
Must pass to Execution, to confront
The terrifying Visage of pale Death,
And meet his heavy Hand.
O let me then, while yet my Life remains,
Take my last Farewel of the World, and Love ;
For she being gone, the bright celestial Sun
To me is Comfortless, and dark as Night.

54 *Injured Virtue: Or,*

Eum. Strange Affliction !

Ant. Nay, weep not, Friend.

Tho' Tears of Friendship are a sovereign Balm

Against the Ills of Life, yet upon me

They are ineffectual, and thrown away.

The angry Fates have finish'd their Decree,

Both I, and *Dorothea* must expire

In the same fatal Period of Time.

Eum. I wonder, Sir,

That you who must partake of all her Torments,

Will be a Witness of the dreadful Scene,

That makes your wish'd Recovery more uncertain.

Ant. Recover ! no : expect not that at all ;

For 'tis in vain to hope, or to expect it,

Because it cannot be ; for I must die.

Perhaps the kind Affection I have shown her

Will, e'er the fatal Blow shall end her Days,

Enforce her Tongue to give me a kind Welcome,

To sleep with her in Death :

For that is now the End of all my Wishes.

Eum. See, she comes in dreadful Pomp ;

Death seems her Wish, a joyful Smile

On her gay Virgin Cheeks, confirms my Thought.

Enter Theopilus, Captain of the Guards, Dorothea to

Execution, Executioners with Axes, Cords, &c.

Ant. How sweetly calm does Innocence appear ?

How happy is the virtuous Soul in Death !

O you just Powers, how like to Heav'n it self !

By all my sacred Hopes of Joys hereafter,

It makes me doubtful of the Pagan Faith :

For what just Gods can take delight to see

An Offering, or a Sacrifice like this ?

Thus

Thus to deface the beauteous Work of Nature,
Which their dull Forms i'th' Capitol come short of.
O thou sharp Power to which her Soul ascends,
Forgive my Crimes to thee, and take me with her.

Cap. The merciful *Artimia*,
Pitying the Weakness of her Sex, commands
Her Torments go no farther than Beheading.

Theo. You are to blame, *Eumillius*,
At this time, to permit your Friend's Appearance,
To see what still must add to his Distemper.
And make it still more dangerous.

Ant. I hope your Lordship will not be offended.
'Tis the last Favour I shall ever ask you;
And 'tis this Sight alone must work my Cure.
I feel Life now even at its lowest Ebb,
And very shortly I shall cease to be,
Or shall be happy: Tho' adverse Fate
Deny'd us here the Enjoyment of our Loves,
Yet 'tis beyond its power to prevent
Our happy Souls uniting after Death;
Or if, as some believe, the Grave contains
All that exists beyond the Verge of Life,
There in soft Slumbers, and eternal Rest,
Secure from proud Oppression, we shall sleep.

Theo. His Frenzy rages.
Come on, thou proud Contemner
Of us, and of our Gods; tremble to think
That 'tis not in that Pow'r thou serv'st to save thee.
Not all the Riches of the Earth and Sea,
The unsearch'd Mines, *Pluto's* unknown Exchequer
Should have the Force with me to save thy Life,
Could'st thou procure it to become the Purchase.

Think then, with Horror think, what 'tis to die,
 Even in the Bloom of Youth, e'er Life was tasted,
 To be condemn'd to Hell's tremendous Gloom,
 And everlasting Horror; remember too,
 Hadst thou not turn'd Apostate to our Gods,
 What Joys thou might'st have tasted,
 Those which now
 For thy Prophaneness thou hast lost for ever.

Ant. She smiles, and is unmov'd at all his Threats,
 With what exalted Constancy of Mind
 She bears that terrible Approach of Death,
 That makes the bravest of us all to tremble!

Dor. I can regardless hear your Menaces.

Thea. Am I derided! made her Scorn. Away,
 Hence and dispatch her strait. I'll wait no longer.

Dor. Vain Man,
 Thou glory'st now in having Power,
 To ravish from me what's become my loathing.
 Life is a Trifle I am weary of, dispose it as you please,
 I pay it for a better, and your Malice
 Serves as the Means to bring my Soul to Bliss:
 From whence on thee, and these, and this base World,
 Incircled with Felicity and Pleasure,
 I shall with Scorn, and Pity, look beneath me,
 'Twill be my everlasting Joy and Comfort,
 To think at what an easy Price I purchas'd
 Those Joys beyond the reach of Death, or Time.
 There's a perpetual Spring, perpetual Youth,
 No Joint-benumbing Cold, nor scorching Heat,
 Nor Age, nor Famine, have remembrance there.
 Forget for Shame your feign'd *Hesperian* Orchard;

Your

Your fair *Arabia*, your *Elysian* Shades,
And all the rest of your Poetick Fictions.

Enter Sapritius, leaning on a Servant.

Sap. Support me,
I would see the last of her.

Theo. My Lord *Sapritius*, welcome :
Hangman, go on, and do your Office.

Dor. Come, Sirs, you seem afraid, banish your Fear ;
You but retard the Enjoyment of my Bliss.

I would have given something for your Care,
To do your Work at once, but now I cannot ;
Since powerful Malice, and oppressive Tyranny,
Has robb'd me of the Means. Come on, Sirs,
And satiate with my Blood, those that desire my

Ant. O take me with thee ; (Death.
And let our Souls, wing'd with Cœlestial Glory,
Together reach the Mansions of the Bless'd.

Sap. My Son! ungracious Boy ! with my own Hands
I'll strangle thee, and on a Dunghil shall
Thy Carcass rot, if thou darest utter
A Syllable that has a Sound like this.

Theo. O by all means, my Lord :
You could advise me thus in the same Case ;
And when my Daughters err'd, I took your Counsel,
So let him wait upon his Saint in Death.
Thou Strumpet, come more near me, and observe,
Perhaps you'll meet those Things I once call'd Daugh-
Whom I have sent as Harbingers before thee ; (ters,
And if there be a Truth in your Religion.
[Which I have little Reason to believe]
Prithee return, and give me notice of it,
And how to find that Paradise you boast of.

58 *Injured Virtue : Or,*

Sap. Ay, it may be worth your Journey back again.

Dor. Know, thou Tyrant,

Th'allotted Time of Death for thee is near;
And that thou can'st not merit it by Death,
Nor hast not Faith to gain it by Repentance;
But in the latest Moments of my Life,
I'll pray for all of these.

Ant. I feel, *Eumillius*,

A sudden Transport animates my Soul,
And adds new Life and Strength. [*Goes towards Dor.*

Sap. Villain desist. Keep from th'enchanting Witch,
Or, by th'Immortal Guardian of my House,
I'll lay aside all my Paternal Care,
And crush thee into Earth.

Ant. Why are you angry, Sir?

Since Hopes of Life are vain,
Surely I may embrace this once in Death,
The only Thing for which I'd wish to live. [*Embraces.*

Theo. I shall soon make a Separation.

Dor. You have, young Lord, been Virtuous in your
And lov'd me with a chaste and honest Love, (Life,
The which my Heart most gladly had accepted,
But for the Difference our Religion made,
Which has deny'd what both of us desired:
But the Decrees of Providence are just,
Though our weak Apprehensions cannot fathom,
Nor form a Judgment of 'em as we ought;
Yet tho' we were not Partners in Life,
In Death we both shall meet, and both be happy.

Ant. Then I am blest indeed, beyond my Hopes;
Joy grows as burthensome as Grief before,
And equally destroys this weaker Body.

Theo.

Theo. Haft thou aught else to say ?

Dor. Only to blame thy slowness,
And retaining me so long.
Farewel, *Antonius*, 'till we meet again,
In the Enjoyment of Angelick Love,
Love in its purest Essence, and Eternal.
Now lead me on; and once again, Farewel.
Hereafter, when our Story shall be told,
Or be by Truth, and an impartial Hand,
Carried to future Times, the Hearers shall
Of *Dorothea* say, with wat'ry Eyes,
She liv'd a Virgin, and a Martyr dies.

Ant. O my sad Heart is shiver'd with that Sound.

Dor. Come on, Sirs, ben't dismay'd, but lead the Way,
You injure me to make the least Delay :
And now a certain, last Farewel, my Love.
Till we again shall meet
In yon bright Realms above.

[*Exit Dorothea to Execution, &c.*

Manent Antonius, Eumillius, and Sapritius.

Sap. Thou art an ungracious Boy,
I could even curse thee for this Disobedience.

Eumillius, help him hence. [Exit *Sap.*

Ant. My Friend, come nearer. O, I'm very weary.
Was it not kind of *Dorothea*, tell me,
Thus to invite me with her ?

Eum. Indeed, my Lord, it was.

Ant. O, follow her, and see the fatal Stroke ;
See it ; and then, as soon as it is given,
Fly with the Wings of Expedition to me,
And bring the sad Relation to my Ears.

Eum. My Lord, I fear the Message will be fatal.

But

60 *Injured Virtue: Or,*

But I will go and follow your Directions.

Will you expect me here? [*Exit Eumillius.*]

Ant. I will——

I must, for I can go no farther ;
Here ends my Pilgrimage of Life in Death.
It shall be finish'd soon. I'll lay me down,
Thus low, thus very low, upon the Earth,
The Bosom of our common Parent, Earth,
And smile at Death, at the ambitious Crowd,
That toil and bustle for a little Honour,
Only to gild a vain and empty Pride ;
For let 'em mount to the severest Top
Of human Grandeur, let the World admire 'em,
And all the Pomp of Courts attend their Smiles,
With Cringing, Fawning, Dissembling, and fulsom Flat-
The Practice of all Courts; yet must they know, (tery,
That tho' they tread till Death those dang'rous Heights.
Yet then, their Honours vanish like a Cloud,
And, Oh ! thus low they fall, to rise no more ;
To be no more remember'd, but enclos'd
Within the silent Tomb of dark Oblivion.

Enter Eumillius.

Eum. My Lord.

Ant. So soon return'd, my Friend ?

Speak, O deliver what thou hast to say.

Eum. I went and saw the dreadful Scene of Death;
The kneel'd before the Block, her Arms extended,
And Eyes erect to Heav'n, devoutly Praying
For all Mankind, for those that sought her Death,
With so sedate a Constancy of Mind,
That it drew Tears from every Eye that saw her ?
Then rising, took her Leave of all about her ;
Aid, she forgave 'em all.

Then.

Then with a Veil covering her beauteous Face,
She kneel'd again ;
In a short Pray'r to Heav'n her Soul commended,
And gave the Executioner the Sign,
Who at one Blow——

Ant. Oh ! You have said enough,
There needs no more to finish my Discharge.
I would have given thee Counsel, thou art Young,
And want'st it from some wise experienc'd Friend.
I am not Old myself, but yet Experience,
And Observations I have made, have taught me.
Surely I find, thy Virtues will advance thee ;
But shun the Court, that dangerous Magick Circle,
Which borders on the Precipice of Fate.
I never knew a wise and honest Man,
But he was justled out, betray'd, and ruin'd,
By some designing, flattering, cozening Knave,
Which every Court abounds with.
Avoid the busy, meddling, factious Fool,
That's Malecontent, Uneasy, and Ambitious
To have his Hands employ'd in doing Mischiefs.
Trust not the smooth-tongu'd Flatterer, he's a Rogue,
That speaks thee fair, when he would murder thee.
Let thy Companion be a Man that's Brave,
Discreet and Virtuous ; and do thou be so.
For that will bring to thee Content at last,
And make thee die in Peace. Oh ! I want Strength,
What I have said, remember ;
And for the rest, let thy Discretion guide thee.
Forget my wretched End, and be thou happy,
If it be possible for Life to grant it.
I cannot hold Discourse with thee of this :

But

62 *Injured Virtue: Or,*

But here must finish what I'd scarce begun.
O, let me lean upon thy friendly Bosom,
And in thy Arms breathe my last Farewel
To the World; I come, my Love: And, Oh——
Farewel, my Friend--I can no more--But, Oh -[Dies.]

Eum. O Rest in Peace, my Friend:
Remember thee! ay, surely, that I will,
And banish from my Thoughts all other Things
But what thou hast planted there.
My Lord, in an unhappy Time you come.

Enter Sapritius, Theopilus, and the rest.
See what remains of that brave generous Youth,
That call'd himself your Son, and me his Friend,

Sap. My Son! Gods! I am fallen indeed;
Some Mountain cover this sad wretched Herd,
Or hide me in the bottom of the Deep.
Where Light or Man may never find me more.

Theo. This is prodigious!
And though familiar I have been with Death,
Seen him in several Forms, and dreadful Shapes,
Yet does this startle me beyond 'em all.

Sap. Some Whirlwind snatch me from this cursed
Death tortures me with an uncommon Pain. (Place
But I will help him forward in his Work. [Stabs him-
Theopilus, when thou observ'st me cold, self.]
Bear hence the Bodies of my Son and me;
Inclose our Ashes in one Urn together.
Destroy the Christians, all, without Distinction,
And be more Cruel than my Wit could teach thee.
Something I would have told thee--but want Breath,
And find I'm going to the Shades of Death. [Dies.]

Theo. Gods! What a Sight is this!

What

What desperate Havock does this Love create ?
O Woman, Woman ! who would look upon you,
When such Destruction dwells amidst your Charms ;
When 'tis ev'n dang'rous grown for Man to see you,
Though it proceeds no farther ? *Eumillius*,
Remove the Bodies hence, and let your Care
Be of their Funerals ; but for that fell Hag,
Her Carcass shall be expos'd to gorge the Vultures ;
And thus die all of this accursed Sect.
I triumph in their Deaths, and will raise up
A Monumental Pile of their dead Bodies,
That shall o'er-top old *Pelion*, mount my Name
On lofty Pyramids of endless Fame,
That down to late Posterity shall stand,
Secure of Fate, and Time's destroying Hand. [Ex.





A C T V. S C E N E I.

Theopilus discover'd at a Table, Books about him.

Theo. **M**E thinks this Night has an unusual Silence,
The rav'nous Wolf forgets his Midnight
The Winds are hush'd, and *Neptune's* furious Surge (Howl
Is calm and silent as the Shades of Death.

No Time so fit for Envy and Revenge

To brood and hatch its Mischief.

[*Rises.*

As when a curious Painter, by his Art,

Has finish'd well some admirable Piece,

At distance views it with a careful Eye,

Examines every Part, finds no Defects,

And hugs himself, pleas'd with his rare Performance--

So here, my bloody Landskips I survey,

[*Sits.*

And bless my self with the delightful Prospect.

This Scrowl, this List of Christians destroy'd,

Were they alive and arm'd, not *Rome* itself

Could move upon its Hinges. Let me see,

In *Britain* fourteen hundred Wives, with Brats

Sucking their milky Breasts, by me pluck'd off

With burning Pincers ; and when that was done,

I minc'd the Flesh to feed the crying Infants.

Why, what a Thought was that ! Again, in *Gallia*,

Two thousand Men and Women, fed on purpose,

Were thrown to Dogs and Wolves to be devour'd.

Eight

Eight thousand died by several ways, in *Asia*.
When dead, had all their several Bodies burnt,
And Ashes scatter'd wide into the Air.
In *Greece*, two thousand had their Eyes pull'd out,
And sent to starve upon the Mountain Wastes.
In *Italy*, two hundred set in the Earth up to the Arm-
Had Food before 'em, and yet died for Hunger, (pits,
Because they could not reach it. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
What can the World report of me for this?
That I've been Just, and bravely done my Duty,
Zealously serv'd the Gods, and *Dioclesian*. [*Soft Musick*.
Who dares disturb my Thoughts with Sounds like these?
Why, what art thou, tell me, and say from whence.
[*Dorothea descends in the Form of an Angel, a Cross in*
in her Hand.]

Dor. I come, *Theophilus*, as you desir'd,
To give you notice of a Life beyond
The Surface of the Grave; and that there is
A place of Happiness reserv'd for Christians;
Which by sincere Repentance you may gain:
Since Mercy is the Attribute of Heav'n,
Atone for your mistaken Zeal, and live.

Theo. I am confounded.

Dor. Henceforth forbear your Cruelty,
Believe and Repent——amend,
And in this Sign overcome. [*Lays the Cross on the Table.*

Theo. Can there be Mercy for a Soul so black?

Dor. Surely there can, and is.

Theo. I am happy then.

O may I farther know, what of my Daughters, and—

Dor. Cease all Enquiries into Heav'n's Decrees,
They're not for Flesh and Blood to comprehend;

But

But this I dare inform thee,
 Thy Daughters are alive, and thou may'st see 'em :
 The Man, whom you commanded to destroy 'em,
 Was just, and did compassionate their Case,
 In his own House, with Care he has reserv'd 'em,
 I must no longer here ; be you not shaken,
 Tho' *Cæsar's* Malice should oppose thy Faith.
 Farewel, be timely Wise, and ask no more.

[*Ascends. Soft Musick again.*

Theo. My Resolution's fixt.

[*Lightning, then the Ghost of Sappritius rises.*

Sap. Ha, ha, ha, ha ! thou Fool,
 Banish those childish Thoughts.

Theo. Not to secure my Life,
 Tho' *Cæsar* should command it.

Sap. Thou shalt, or I'll destroy thee.

Theo. Thou art no Twin to her who last was here.
 You Pow'rs, whom my repenting Soul adore,
 Guard me from Death and Hell !
 What art thou, Fiend ?——

Sap. Thy Master.

Theo. Mine ?

Sap. Who Hand in Hand has led thee to thy Hell,
 Throw that gay foolish thing thou hast away,
 And fall again before the *Roman* Gods ;
 Else in the frigid Zone, in a contorted Chain of Ice,
 I'll hang thy tortur'd Soul. I am *Sappritius*.

Theo. I fear thee not, 'tis not in thy Power to hurt
 I serve a better Master : By thee led on, (me,
 I would have murder'd my two virtuous Daughters,
 But thou wert disappointed.

Sap. I know it, Curses light on their Preservers.

Theo.

Theo. By thy Persuasion did I hunt the Life
Of *Dorothea*, the blest Virgin Martyr.

But she's not angry with me for it now :

Witness this Present she has left me here.

Nor will I rest from Toyl, 'till I again

Shall see the happy Angel, and implore

Her Pardon and Forgiveness for the Deed.

Sap. I'll bind thee from it.

Theo. It is not in thy pow'r, this single * Weapon
Is Arms enough, t' encounter thy whole Force. [**The Cross*

Sap. Keep from me, or I'll blast thee.

Theo. Art posting to thy Center ? cursed Fiend
Depart, and never let me see thee more.

[*Goes with the Cross towards him, as he descends.*

Now I'm at ease ; this Sign has overcome,

And much confirm'd my Faith.

Who waits ?

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Cap. My Lord.

Theo. Come nearer, Sir ; you are the joyful Minister
Of Peace and Comfort to my wretched Soul :

Say where thou hast dispos'd my happy Daughters,

Those Darlings of my Love, which Rage and Passion

Condemn'd to a most shameful and untimely Death.

Thou hast dispos'd them safe, then tell me where.

Cap. What means thy Lord ?

Theo. Nay, no Evasion, for indeed I know it.

A happy Angel from the Worlds above

Reveal'd the Tydings to me ; fear thou not.

Cap. Sure, if from Heav'n the Secret is reveal'd,

It cannot be for Ill. My Lord, I own it.

And thought when you, possess with too much Passion,

Resolv'd

68 *Injured Virtue : Or,*

Resolv'd their Deaths, and bad me execute :
You would, when Reason and calm Thoughts return'd
Repent, and curse me for the Execution.

So in my House, unknown to any,
Have I preserv'd 'em with my utmost Care.

Theo. Go then, and instantly conduct 'em
To my Apartment in the Palace here :
Where I in private may again behold 'em,
And glad my longing Eyes.

Cap. I shall, my honour'd Lord. [Exit Cap]

Theo. Who's that, *Eumillius* ?

Enter Eumillius.

Eum. I, my good Lord.

Theo. I have a small Request, deny me not ;
But swear by the chaste Soul of *Antony*;
If not for his Religion, yet for his Friendship,
Without demanding what's the Cause that moves me
Receive this Signet, by the Pow'r of which
Go to my Prisons, and release from thence
All Christians there confin'd by my Command.

Eum. What shall follow, Sir ?

Theo. Haste to the Port,
Where you shall find two Ships already rigg'd,
In which embark the poor unhappy Souls,
And let them land upon some safer Shore.
Hasten my Friend, and see it be perform'd,
And that Just Pow'r they serve will sure protect thee

Eum. I will not rest 'till I've obey'd your Order.
It seems an Act worthy my Undertaking.

Theo. When 'tis perform'd, do you attend me here
The Emperor is return'd, to consummate
His Daughter's Nuptials with the King, his Friend,
On whom I'll wait, and wish for your return. [Ex
severally. *Trumpe*

Trumpets within.

*Enter Dioclesian and Aurelius, Artimia and Attendants
meeting 'em.*

Art. Glory and Conquest still attend on *Cesar*.

Dio. Let thy Wish, fair Daughter,
Be equally divided ; and hereafter
Let me desire thy Love, and friendly Wishes
For this my valiant Friend.

Art. He does deserve, and has 'em.

Aur. The Bonds consider'd in which we stand tied,
It would perhaps be thought a Flattery,
Tho' really it is not, if I repeat
The Sum of your Perfections :
Yet Love obliges me to say, I never saw
So bright a Form endow'd with so much Virtue.

Art. My Lord, you show yourself
A Soldier and a Courtier ; but take heed.
My proffer'd Love, tho' slighted in a Servant,
Whose Breast was fill'd with Passion for another,
May be accepted in a Heart that's free,
And wound where it may be unwelcome to me.
Julius himself, whom War could never tame,
He who beheld the fam'd *Pharſalian* Plains
Cover'd with mangled Bodies of *Rome's* Senators,
Without a Sigh, or Tear, when the World knew
No other Lord but him, struck deep in Years too,
Meeting in *Egypt* the fair *Cleopatra*,
She in the height of all his Glory took him
A Captive to her Charms.

Aur.

70 *Injured Virtue : Or,*

Aur. Madam, I must assure you, I should be
More proud to call myself your Captive,
Than to be Lord of all the conquer'd World.

Dio. This meets my Wishes, welcome it *Artimia*,
And study to forget your former Love ;
The Fates reserv'd thee for this better Choice.

Art. I shall in all obey great *Dioclesian*.

Aur. As I shall you, and from this happy Hour
Date the *Æra* of my joyful Life.

Enter Theopilus.

Dio. *Theopilus* thou art welcome to us;
Our careful, zealous Provost, thou hast toil'd
To satisfy our Will, though in Extremes.
We love thee for it : thou art a firm Rock,
Unshaken and secure against all Storms
That Chance may throw upon thee.
Prithee deliver, and for our sake do it
Without Derision, and excess of Bitterness,
How did this Christian Virgin suffer Death ?

Theo. As did become her well ; with such a Patience,
That were each Head in this large Room
Circled about with an Imperial Crown,
Yet would her Story merit their Attention.

Dio. How was it ? say —

Theo. O mark it, *Cæsar* !

And with that Attention,
As you would hear an Embassy from Heaven,
By a wing'd Legate thence. Mark, me, I say,
She suffer'd all the bitterest Pangs of Death,
With that prodigious Constancy of Mind,
As never yet was match'd, nor ever will be.
How Pious to the last, how meek, how mild !

How

How virtuously resign'd to suffer all,
Without the least complaining! how unconcern'd
She heard the base Revilings, and Reproaches
Of those who most unjustly sought her Death!
'Tis such a Wonder, Words cannot express it.

Your Ancient Matrons, your *Cornelia*,
Gracchus, *Paulina*, and the rest of those,
Whose Names you *Romans* reverence,
Shall henceforth lie in dark Oblivion,
To be forgotten ever, while her Story
Shall be with Wonder and Amazement told.

Aur. He's Mad.

Dio. Why they did die, and bravely;
This did not more.

Theo. They died, or in Despair,
Or for Vain-glory of an After-name.
They had not mutinous Sons, as the rash *Gracchi*
Nor was this Saint (were,
A doating Mother as *Cornelia* was;
This lost no Husband, in whose Overthrow
Her Wealth and Honour sunk;
No fear of Want did make her Being tedious,
She only aim'd at an Immortal Crown,
The just Reward of those that die like her.

Art. Yet then you said,
It was her Witchcraft, devilish Illusion.

Theo. Ay, then I said,
What now I am ashamed to hear repeated;
Such Blasphemy I swore, O Heav'n forgive me!
For now I will adore no one but thee,
That awful Power whom the just Martyr serv'd.

Dio.

Dio. Darest thou provoke our Rage!

Theo. Yes; were my Voice

As loud as is the Thunder, to be heard
Through all the World, all Potentates on Earth
Ready to burst with Rage, when they should hear it,
Yet I would speak, and speak again, and boldly:
I am a Christian, and the Powers you worship
But Dreams of Fools and Madmen.

Aur. Lay hands on him, some one.

Dio. Thou twice a Child, for doating Age so makes
Thou could'st not else, thy Pilgrimage of Life (thee,
Being so near its End, in thy last Moments
Cancel whate'er thou hast done Good, or Great.
Thy Manhood promis'd much; and grown mature,
Thou mad'st it good; and with Increase of Years
Thy Actions still were better: like the Sun,
Thou didst rise glorious, kept a constant Course
In that bright Sphere of Honour thou wert plac'd in;
And wilt thou now, now, in the very Ev'ning of thy
When thou should'st pass with Glory to thy Rest, (Days
Like a false Meteor fall, and be despis'd?

Aur. Yet confess thy Folly and thy Madness,
And that thy Tongue and Heart had no Agreement.

Art. No other way is left to save thy Life, *Theo-*

Dio. If he persists, *(pilus.*

Destruction shall attend on ev'ry Word;
So heavy shall my Vengeance fall upon him,
That he shall curse his Being, and despair.

Theo. Hear me a Word, if for my Service past —

Dio. What wilt thou say, thou Dotard?

Theo. As ever I deserv'd your Favour, hear me,

And

And grant one Grace: 'Tis not for Life I ask; no,
It is not fit, that I, who ne'er knew Mercy
To any Christian, being one my self,
Should look for any now I am one my self.
I rather beg the utmost of your Cruelty,
Since for so many thousand Christian Souls
I stand accountable. Oh! were it possible
That I cou'd die a Day for every one,
And live again to be again tormented,
Even that wou'd be an easie Penance to me;
But it can never be, and is deny'd me,
Because beyond the Power of feeble Nature.
In my own House there are a thousand Engines
Of studied Cruelty, by me prepared
To torture Innocent Christians! O send thither,
And let me undergo the worst of 'em,
As the *Sicilian* did his Brazen Bull;
Then will I say in Death, that you are Just.

Dio. Fear not, thou hast prevail'd in this.
Prepare a Rack, and if within an Hour
You do not bring us Notice of his Change
From this mad Christian Frenzy, let him die.
Tear from his Bones his Flesh with burning Pincers,
And on the Rack let him Groan out his last.
The Slave that makes him give the loudest Groan,
Shall have a hundred Ducats for Reward.
You Captain of our Guard see it perform'd,
Or your Head pays the Forfeit: Come, my Lord,
And let this Caitif perish by himself.
Prophaneness to the Gods we'll never spare;
But make their Honour our peculiar Care.

Their Shrines, and Temples, shall our Pow'r defend ;
And he that serves the Gods is *Cæsar's* Friend.

[*Ex. Dio. Aur. Art.*

Cap. In this extream of Woe what shall I do ?

Theo. Thy Office, Man :

Only this one Request before I die,
That I may see, and take my last farewell
Of my unhappy, and yet happy Daughters.

Cap. You, Sirs, prepare the Rack and Instruments.

[*Ex. Tormenters.*

And on my Knees I beg of you Forgiveness,
That I should be the Instrument of Death
To one, whose Clemency——

Theo. I charge you say no more ;
I do forgive thee : rise.

Cap. My Lord, your Daughters.

Enter Calista and Christeta.

Theo. My Children ? Oh, my Heart ;
But I will guard me in this tender'st Part,
Where Nature shocks me most.
You have heard, e'er now, that I must suffer Death ;
And this, this fatal Now, is the last Moment
Time has allotted us to know each other :
For e'er I can discern the mid-day Sun,
I shall, this Immaterial Soul of mine
Shall pass the Verge of vast Eternity.
Be launch'd into that Immense boundless Ocean,
Which none cou'd ever yet describe or know.
My Moments here are short, are very short ;
And yet that Particle of Time contains
The Business of an Age. Oh, I have to die !

A Work which Nature lays upon us all.

Weep not, for you will make me Womanish,
And perhaps wish to live, which must not be:
For I deserve a thousand times as much
As Tyranny can inflict. First let us kneel,
Come nearer, kneel together, and here Vow
In Heav'n's Presence with a solemn Promise,
To me, your dying Father, that you both
Will never change the Heav'nly Christian Faith
For any Worship else.

Both. O never! never! never!

Theo. By my Example you will boldly suffer
Whate'er the cruel Hand of Pow'r inflicts,
With an intrepid Constancy of Mind.

Christ. In Words to promise, would be weak and vain.
I'll court the Means that shall discharge me hence
From this base World, to those Celestial Orbs
Where Virtue is rewarded, where again
We shall enjoy each other's blest Society.

Cal. There we shall live
Beyond the Reach of insolent Oppression,
Hunger, and Cold, and Poverty, and Shame,
And all those Troubles Human Life is Heir to.
I vow to persevere in this, and scorn all other Thoughts.

Christ. And so do I.

Theo. May Heav'n assist you both.
And now remains you take a Father's Blessing,
And last Farewell at once.

[*They kneel, he lays his Hands on them, and pauses.*
Rise now, and let us take this one Embrace,
Again Embrace, and let these Arms infold

What once I thought the Glory of my Life,
 And Joy of all my Joys ; but now, I die!
 And all must be forgotten ; for in the Grave
 Those happy peaceful Mansions of the Dead,
 No Knowledge, nor Device, shall e'er disturb me.
 Why will you weep, when I enjoin you not ?

Cal. You will command what Nature must deny.
 My Father, O my Father ! from whose Loins
 This Body had its Origin and Being,
 Must I stand calmly by and see him perish,
 Without a flood of Tears to embalm his Coarse,
 His clay cold Coarse mangled and torn to pieces ?
 I must deny you, and comply with Nature.

Enter Executioners.

Cap. My Lord, the utmost time is
 Drawing nigh, and we must suffer
 For the least delay.

Theo. You shall not suffer the least harm for me.
 None, none will I involve with me in Ruin ;
 But finish here, and think of Life no more
 But as a Dream that's past when one awakes.
 Again, you Darlings of my Soul, farewell:
 Something I had to say—I had much to say ;
 But the approach of Death removes the Thought
 From my disturb'd Remembrance. I must depart,
 Or I shall sink with Passion, and betray
 A Weakness I shall be ashamed to own.
 And ! Oh ! to both of you at once, farewell,
 A long, a last farewell.

[Ex. Omnes sed Calis. and Christ.]

Cal. Since we must part, farewell,
 Farewell, my Father.

Christ.

Christ. O wou'd I might accompany him;
But cruel Pow'r denies it:
Yet I will follow, and see, as is my Duty,
His reverend Corps with Funeral Rights Interr'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *Draws, discovers Theopilus on a Rack.*

Theo. For Heav'n's sake more, my Arms are yet untorn;
The Irons cool; behold my Legs, my Thighs.
I charge you spare 'em not; oh! oh! oh!
I feel a sudden Transport that o'ercomes me.

1 *Tor.* He endures beyond the Sufferance of a Man;

2 *Tor.* No Sigh or Groan to witness he has feeling.

1 *Tor.* Death seizes him apace.

2 *Tor.* He was a barbarous, wicked, bloody Man,
And died as he deserved.

Cap. Forbear your Censure, for we all are Sinners.
In Death he cannot speak in his Defence,
Then let him rest in Peace for Charity,
And may the Gods forgive his Crimes and mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

Soft Musick. Then descend Dorothea and Anthony,
who place a Crown of Glory over his Head, and
ascend.

Theo. Most glorious Vision! O Extasie!
Did ever Bed so hard, yield Man a Dream
So heavenly as this?
I am confirm'd, you ever glorious Spirits,
And make what haste this load of Flesh permits,

To meet your blest Embraces, in those Mansions
Where an Eternal Round of Glory shines.
And witness for me all these Wounds and Scars,
I die a Soldier in the Christian Wars.

[Dies.]

Enter Eumillius, Calista, and Christeta.

Eum. Oh! Horror! Horror!

This Object strikes such Terror in my Breast,
As yet it never felt: Ye Immortal Pow'rs
It shocks my very Nature, loads my Soul
With an Excess of Passion, that my Nature
Wants Strength even to support it.

Christ. O, would my Senses here might fail for ever,
That I might rest incapable of Thought;
For the Remembrance of a Sight like this
Will surely plunge me in the last Despair.

Cal. Here let us kneel, and act the Christians Part;
Weep 'till the Fountains of our Eyes be dry,
To wash the Crimson Gore from off his Wounds.
O that the Sable Horror of this Day,
Shou'd wound no deeper this sad Heart of mine;
But that I yet must live, and only mourn.

Christ. He died a Christian, and let that support us!

Eum. Come you unhappy Twins of Misery,
I will assist you in this last sad Office
Of Filial Duty to your Father's Corps.
Let's bear him from this Place, prepare his Obsequies,
And cover with sad baleful Yew his Coarse,
To be Interr'd within his Household Tomb,
There the hard Hand of Pow'r shall never afflict him.
His Orders I have punctually obey'd,
Tho' he's Insensible I bring the News;

And

And for the Deed, perhaps my Death will follow;
But be it as it may, I am satisfied,
And cannot fear to die in Vertue's Cause.
From whence to Joys Immortal I shall rise,
Immense, beyond the reach of Human Eyes.
For tho' some Impious Men will raise Debate,
And void of Reason doubt a future State:
At Death they all confess themselves deceiv'd,
And trembling own those Truths they disbeliev'd.

E P I L O G U E,

Spoke by Mrs. *Deyman*.

WELL Sirs, since Custom holds, and 'tis the Vogue,
We guess, you expect to hear the Epilogue:

But this is such a criticizing Age,

I dare not for my Life presume to engage

In the Defence of our declining Stage.

And to be short, have nothing more to say,

But beg your kind Acceptance of our Play.

We own what's to its want of Merit due,

And are aw'd by every Excellence in you :

But from you generous Tempers hope to find,

Few, but what are, to injur'd Virtue, kind.

Some we expect will urge its want of Plot,

Wit, Stile, Correctness, and the Lord knows what:

EPILOGUE.

*To them, our Author says, Faith, Now-a-days,
Few will take Pains to write for empty Praise,
Mony's the only Plot of all our Modern Plays.*

*If there are any Criticks here to Night,
Who are resolv'd to damn the Play for spight;
Ladies, we hope you'll do the Author right.
Vouchsafe your Smiles and Approbation here;
You throw their Malice far beneath his Care,
Nay, they must be asham'd, and disappear.
For they, just like our train'd Militia Men,
Their Valour of the true Wild-Irish Strain;
Who from a Valiant Foe like Lightning fled,
Dare come like Thunder back to mount the Dead.*

F I N I S.

*In a short time will be Published, neatly Printed
in Twelves,*

The Persian Princess; or, The Royal Villain, a Tragedy. As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-lane. By Mr. Theobald.

Also The Beau's Duel; or, a Soldier for the Ladies, a Comedy. By Mrs. Centlivre.







